Sports Illustrated

JULY 19, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

Special Olympic Issue

U.S. GOLD MEDAL HOPEFULS

Scott May

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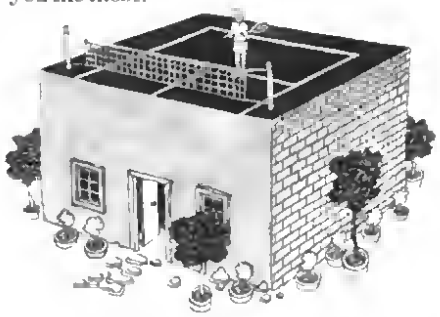
A COMPATIBILITY TEST FOR YOU AND YOUR TENNIS RACKET.

BY ARTHUR ASHE



It has often been said that your racket is an extension of your arm. But that means it's also an extension of you. So your racket should suit you in more ways than size and weight. Just as importantly, it should fit your playing personality.

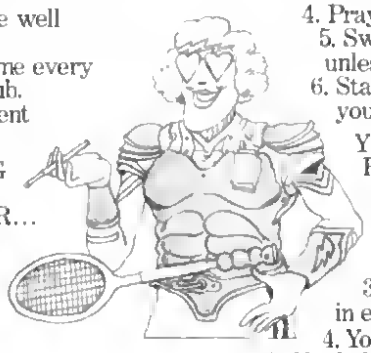
And here's a simple test to help you find out what that is. Just circle the number next to each answer that applies to you the most.



YOU PREFER AN OPPONENT WHO...
1. Is a ball machine
2. Can give you a few pointers.
3. You can give a few pointers to.
4. Is of equal ability so strategy counts.
5. You can psychologically clobber.

FOR YOU, THE BEST METHOD OF GETTING COURT TIME IS...
1. To be the first one at the park.
2. Making friends with members of a tennis club.
3. Scheduling time well in advance.
4. Having a set time every week at your club.
5. Letting your agent handle it.

WHEN PLAYING TENNIS YOU USUALLY WEAR...
1. Cut-offs.
2. Whites.
3. Pastels.
4. Primary colors and stripes.
5. Designer tennis wear.



YOU'VE ENTERED A TOURNAMENT AND DRAWN A PLAYER YOU KNOW IS BETTER. YOU...
1. Feign illness and drop out.
2. Get it over with as quickly as possible.
3. Try to make super shots and outslug him.
4. Study him in advance and develop a game plan based on his weaknesses.
5. Don't know anybody better than you.

UPON SEEING YOUR FIRST SERVE YOUR OPPONENT GENERALLY HAS A LOOK OF...
1. Pity
2. Joy
3. Confidence
4. Relief
5. Resignation
6. Terror



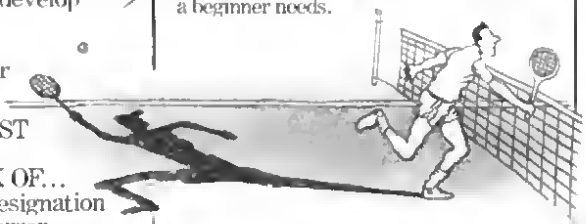
A. HEAD STANDARD B. HEAD MASTER* C. HEAD PROFESSIONAL* D. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 1* E. HEAD ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION 2*
*SOLD UNSTRUNG

YOUR OPPONENT HITS A TOP SPIN LOB. YOU...
1. Think he made a mistake.
2. Watch it go over your head in amazement.
3. Start complimenting him on a great shot.
4. Pray it goes out.
5. Swear never to go to the net again unless it's a pressing shot.
6. Start running and don't stop until you reach the base line.

YOUR CURRENT TENNIS RACKET IS ONE...
1. You dug out of the basement or won at a raffle.
2. Your friends recommended.
3. You carefully researched in every magazine you could find.
4. Your pro recommended.
5. You helped design and endorse.

TOTAL OF NUMBERS CIRCLED.

7-13 Chances are your tennis personality is just emerging. And to help develop it, I'd start you out with a Head Standard. It's more forgiving, and its round head shape gives it a larger hitting surface than our competition models. So it offers the control a beginner needs.



14-23 It seems you're feeling the thrill of being well on your way. But you are still basically conservative. So I'd recommend the Head Master. It has many of the same construction benefits for control and durability as the Standard. But the Master has a stiffer flex for the added power you're probably ready for.

24-28 You are competitive, and consistently above average. You're the advanced player it takes to use the Head Professional or "Red Head" effectively. The Pro has an elliptical head shape which elongates its "sweet spot." And because the Pro is rigid, it's exceptionally powerful when you hit that sweet spot.

29-37 You're probably very aggressive, individualistic, and demand "the best." The Head Ashe Comp 1 and 2 are for players like you. The Ashe Competition rackets are "composites" designed to give some of the playing qualities of wood, with the durability, quickness and consistency of metal. They both have teardrop shaped heads and are quite firm, for additional power. But their broad open throats give less wobble and more control on off center hits than traditionally designed rackets.

Of course, the final test to find the racket that suits your personality is to pick up a variety of rackets. If a racket feels right, chances are it is. And I know you'll find a Head racket that passes the test.

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Right, Omega Megaquartz 32. Electronic quartz watch. Exclusive device for re-setting hour hand when changing time zones while maintaining the accuracy of the minute and second hands. (Registered model.) In 18 K gold, $4,000. In stainless steel, $450.

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SUPERSTAR Jim Palmer of the Baltimore Orioles works every fourth or fifth day, which, as Frank Deford relates, gives him plenty of time to fret over the burdens of being a starting pitcher in the big leagues

EVERYMAN golfers are set for the battle of Bunker Hills in Minnesota. Serah Pileggi will be on hand for the U.S. Amateur Public Links tournament, the long-standing, if obscure, peak of tote-your-own-clubs golf

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



"I look for something that jumps out at me," says Picture Editor Barbara Henckel, interrupting an examination of the color transparencies arrayed on her light table. One of Henckel's jobs is to reduce hundreds of negatives to a select few for final choice by the editors and art department, and one of her specialties has become Olympic athletes, both winter and summer. Even while the last of Innsbruck's Winter Olympians flashed through SI's pages, Henckel was at work making selections for this week's Summer Olympic preview issue, particularly the sporting gallery starting on page 50. Since last spring, when 17 photographers were assigned to bring back pictures of 32 potential medal winners from 32 countries, Henckel figures that she has looked for those images that "jump out" in more than 15,000 transparencies.

SI's Director of Photography Jerry Cooke assigned the gallery to a group of photographers that consisted of a Japanese, a Frenchman, a New Zealander, a Russian, an Australian, a Brazilian, two Englishmen and nine Americans who were instructed to shoot the athletes in situations that would identify them with their sport and country. While they tracked down their assigned subjects, Henckel tracked the photographers, mostly by cable. A sample wire to New York's Anthony Edgeworth, then at large in Eastern Europe with his cameras: IN BUDAPEST CONTACT DR KLINKO FOR HELP. Edgeworth's laconic reply arrived in a day or two. It read: KLINKO KLUNKED. Explained Edgeworth, "In places like Hungary, Poland and Bulgaria, where officials are working for the state, you have to be photographer, manipulator and ambassador all at once. The smallest decision may take hours or days. Once I tried to put in an emergency telephone call to TIME's Paris bureau [Edgeworth had run out of money] and the operator said: 'What *day* do you want to call?' "

Still, Edgeworth got his picture, as did English photographer Tony Duffy, who had been dispatched to Cuba to shoot heavyweight boxer Teofilo Stevenson. Cuban authorities refused permission to photograph Stevenson in a sugarcane field, so they moved to Havana's Revolutionary Square—where Duffy was promptly arrested for taking pictures of a military installation. Meanwhile, in Uganda, Tony Triolo arrived just in time to find that his subject, a boxer, had defected to parts unknown. Undaunted, Triolo took off for Kenya, where he found Ghana's Alice Annum in training. She also was walking a handsome cheetah at the time. Triolo's joy in this unusual subject was marred only slightly when the cheetah began to nibble on his toes.

Finally, gallery all assembled, Henckel choreographed this week's cover, rounding up basketball star Scott May from North Carolina and marathoner Frank Shorter from Oregon to meet swimmer Shirley Babashoff at West Point for the portrait, a masterwork of logistics.

And now, one editing task completed, Henckel is poised, eyepiece at the ready, for the flood of pictures from Montreal. "It's a matter of organization," she says. Perhaps, but it is also more than that. Henckel has what the editors call "a great eye." Says Henckel wryly, "I hope it holds out."

Jack Meyer

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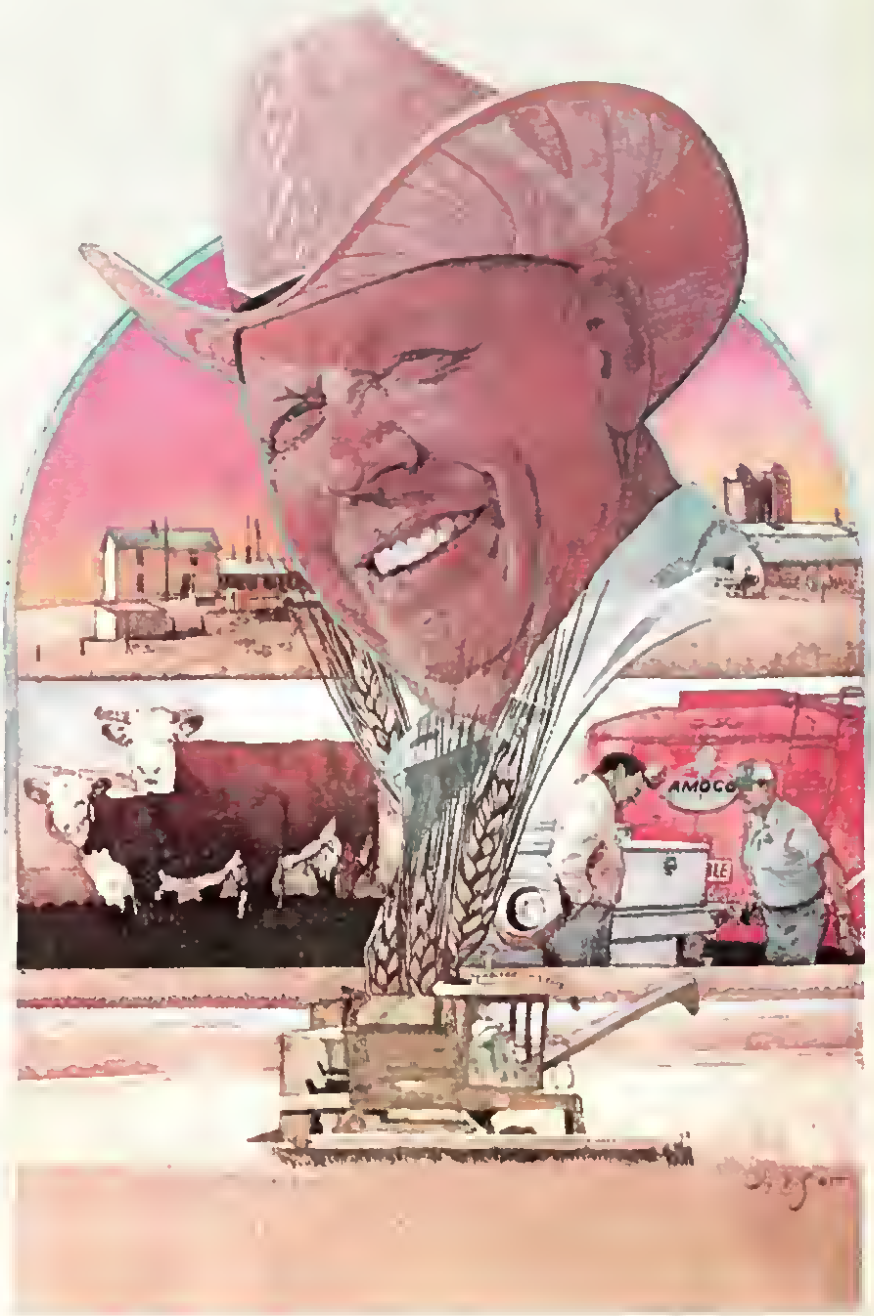
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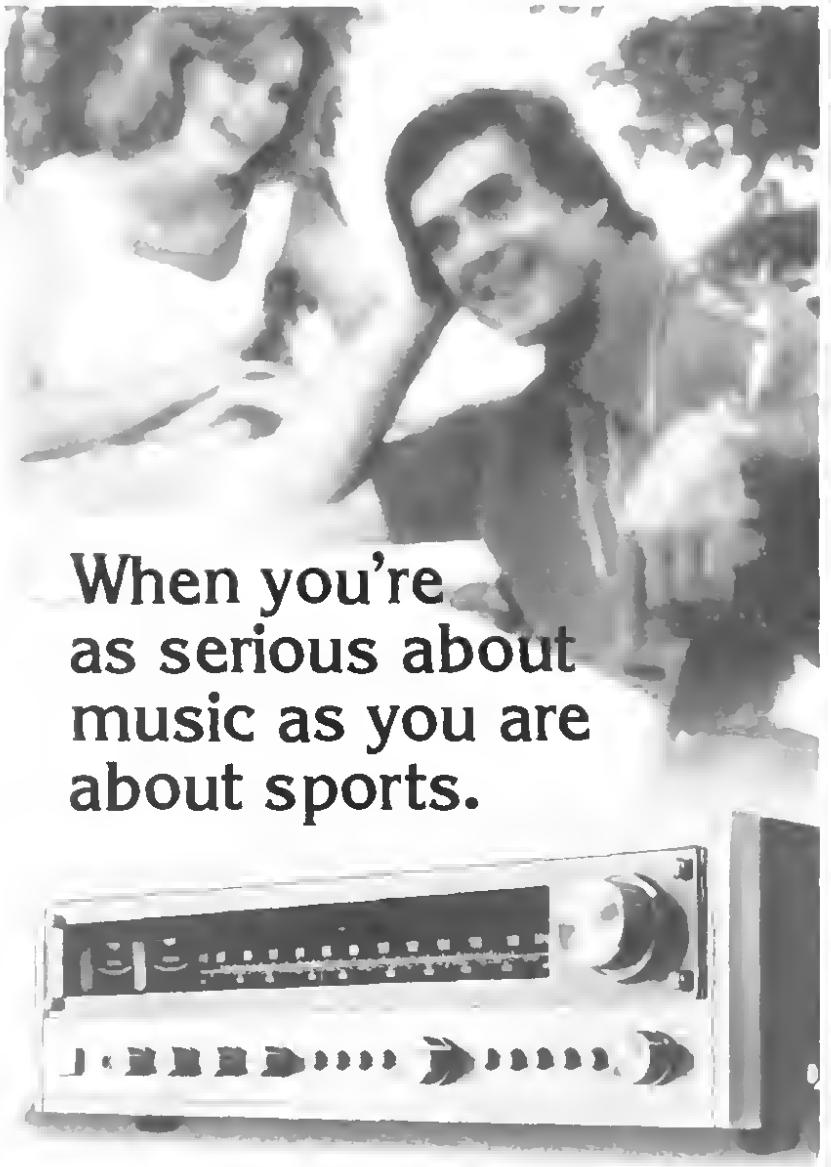
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BOOKTALK

by RICK TELANDER

MAN GOES HOME TO THE SEA, AND HANS HASS IS UNEASY ABOUT THE RESULTS

"All life on land is life in exile," proclaims the Austrian-born underwater adventurer Hans Hass at the beginning of his book, *Men Beneath the Sea* (St Martin's Press, $12.95) It is only natural, therefore, that man should return to where he and all animals began The return here is not meant literally rather it is a return with fins and tanks, as divers—the rubber-suited creatures Hass has dubbed "menfish."

Under sections entitled "Inva ion," "Expansion" and "Consequences," Hass chronicles the history of menfish from the early 1900s to the present. He relates step by step the evolution of "artificial lungs" from the first pure-oxygen "self-contained-underwater-breathing apparatus" – from which the word "scuba" was derived – to the sophisticated mixed-gas tanks in use today He devotes chapters to underwater photography, treasure diving and geography And, of course, he takes time out to tell some whopping tales about sharks, creatures he describes as "sensitive, indeed almost high-strung." There are more than 40 color photos of divers and rare marine animals (which may explain the book s price)

Hass himself made his first dive in 1937 and was struck by the potential of the ocean. He did not foresee that that potential might be ill-used Indeed, he admits to unthinkingly encouraging underwater hunting in his early writings By now such hunting has become not so much sport as an ugly fad—one that has decimated reefs worldwide.

The point is that no one knows what will happen as man intrudes more and more into the underwater world. What, for instance, are underwater laws? And what of underseas morality? The current use of friendly whales and dolphins for government espionage and bomb planting seems to approach the limits of exploitation

As have Cousteau and others, Hass pleads for responsibility and moderation Unfortunately, his writing bristles with words like "conquest," "invasion" and "battle" – terms of aggression traditionally used by Westerners approaching a new frontier.

His hope, nevertheless, is that manfish will be "spiritually transformed" by his new surroundings, that from the sea he will receive "a certain wisdom, a different way of thinking, judging and making decisions." Given our record on land and our brief history under water, such character reversal would appear to be a long shot. END

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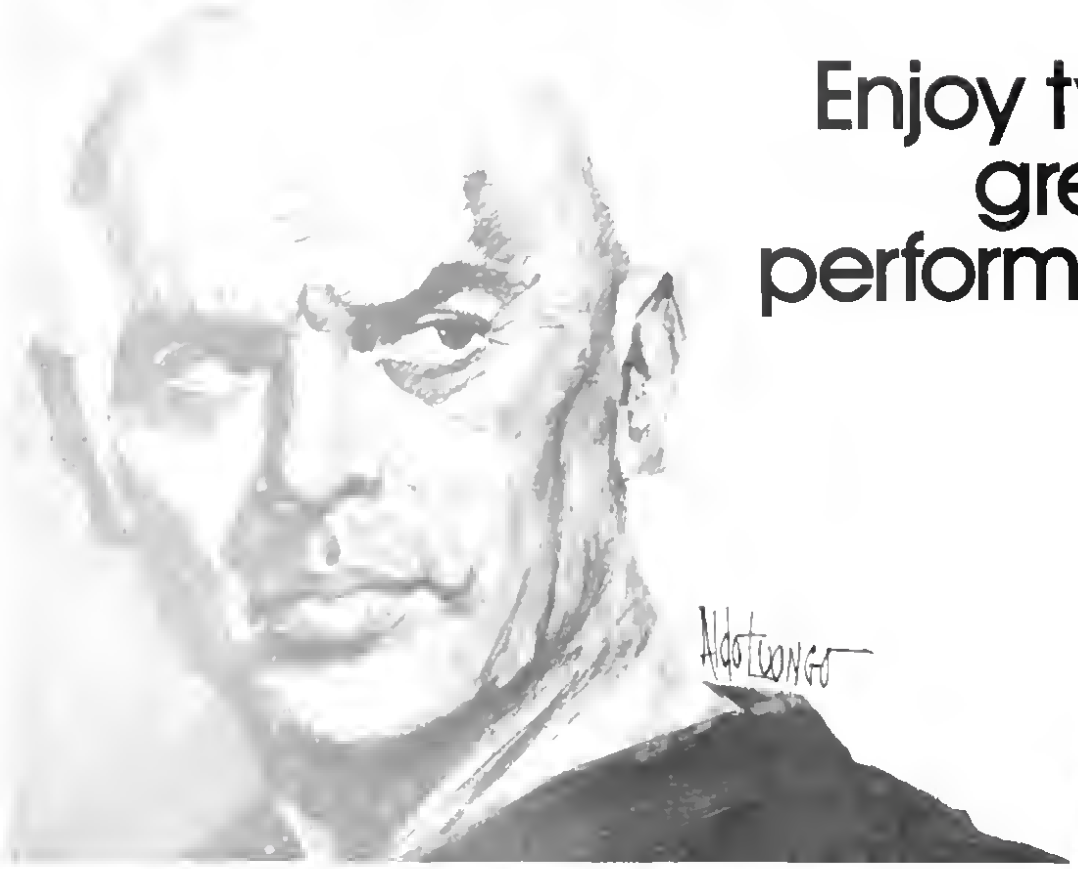
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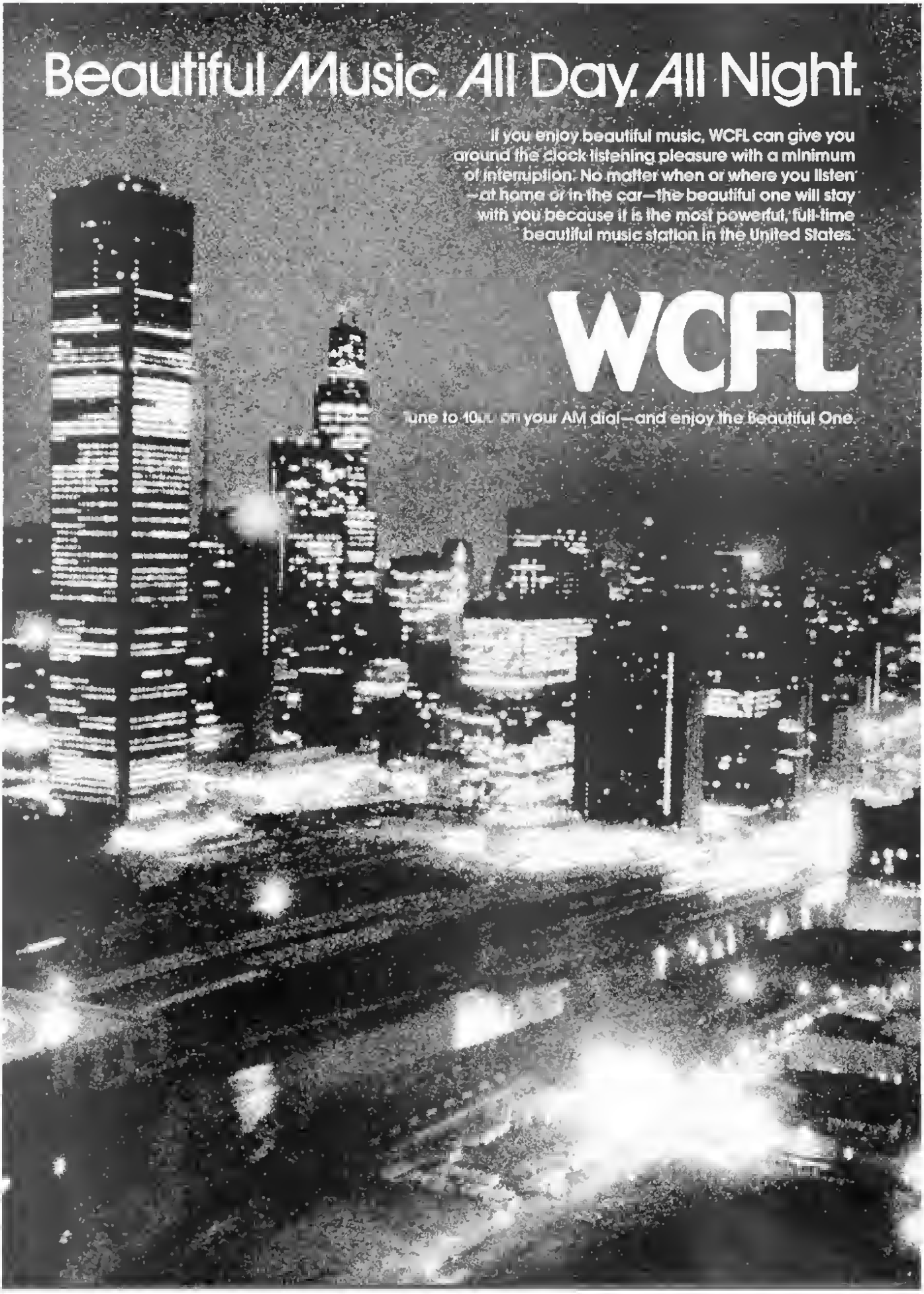




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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

DEATH KNELL?

The decision by Lord Killanin and the Executive Board of the International Olympic Committee to give in to Canada's insistence that athletes from Taiwan not be allowed to compete under the name "Republic of China" was coldly practical. Killanin and the IOC undoubtedly agonized over their move, but at this late stage they really had no choice. It was either keep Taiwan and destroy the Games, or abandon Taiwan and keep the Olympics alive.

So the Olympic movement survives, but the precedent set last week is ominous. In 1980, before the Moscow Games begin, will the Soviet Union decide which countries may compete? Will it bar Israel so as not to offend the Arab nations? Will it keep Chile out? What if mainland China is in the IOC by then and Sino-Russian relations are particularly strained, as they so often are? Will the Soviets keep their archrivals from competing?

The Soviet Union has promised that it will admit all countries sanctioned by the IOC, but Canada—or, at any rate, Canada's Olympic Organizing Committee—promised the same thing. Political considerations are overcoming sporting ones, and the Games are drowning in the nationalism that, admittedly, enhances the competition. If it is not controlled, if national interests are not subordinated to the basic concept of sport—the playful combat of the arena—these Montreal Games may well be the last we will ever have.

DOWNGRADING

You can't call it a scandal because no chicanery was involved, but track and field followers have been shaken by a couple of developments in Los Angeles. The proposed remodeling of the Coliseum to suit the needs of the pro football Rams—fewer seats but better ones, generally closer to the action—will require the removal of the huge arena's famous track. Some of the most memorable races in the history of the sport have been run in the Coliseum, and it was the site of the artistically and financially successful 1932 Olympics. Indeed, if the IOC had not in its wisdom voted the 1976 Games to Montreal, this weekend's opening ceremonies would be taking place there in Los Angeles instead of in the still-unfinished stadium in Canada.

With the Coliseum track apparently gone, the University of Southern California felt it ought to tone up the running facility in its own Cromwell Stadium and made plans to put in a Tartan surface. But to the discomfort of Track Coach Vern Wolfe and Trojan diehards, the expensive new track is designed to have only six lanes instead of the eight or more that a major meet requires. What this would mean—if the plan is carried through—is that USC, winner of 26 NCAA track and field championships, could never hold a national meet on its home turf—or home Tartan—or, for that matter, host a big invitational meet or even a Pacific Eight conference championship. In blunt words, it would be a minor league track for a major league school in a major league city.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES

Chris Evert's flat-out statement that the Women's Tennis Association, of which she is president, will girlcott next year's Wimbledon unless the prize money is equal for both sexes has prompted some comments from Arthur Ashe. As a leader of the men's Wimbledon walkout three years ago, Ashe is no stranger to united action by a group of players, but he disagrees with Evert.

"I think the men are worth more," he says. "I don't think that's chauvinistic, it's just honest. I believe in the marketplace. If Muhammad Ali were to fight Jerry Quarry, should they both get the same amount? Ali is the attraction and must get more."

Wimbledon officials agree with Ashe, declaring that the men are the superior performers, play longer matches (best three sets out of five instead of the women's best two of three) and are the better gate attraction. Ashe says the women's threatened action would inevitably lead to the men having their own tournament. Such splitting of Wimbledon into separate divisions might settle the argument as to which sex is worth more money, but it would diminish the best tennis tournament in the world and fragment even further a sport that is already spreading itself too thin.

There must be a better solution. Your serve, Chrissie.

ROYAL PAIN

Prince Philip of Great Britain is president of the International Equestrian Federation and father of one of the more prominent members of Britain's Olympic equestrian team, which makes some of his recent remarks on horses and drugs all the more interesting. Would a prince lie?

Drugs are "enormously used" in equestrian competition, Prince Philip declares. "Go into the stables at any of these international events," he says, "and see



all the needles, mysterious bottles and powders. You don't know what they are, but you have a pretty good idea. Peppers for jumpers, tranquilizers for dressage horses, and so on. But you can't take action without proof, and you don't see anybody using a needle."

Because of pressure from the equestrian authorities, drug tests will be administered for the first time to all horses in the Olympic equestrian events in Montreal. "We had a hell of a job trying to get it over to the Olympic people that it was horses, not riders, that should be test-

continued

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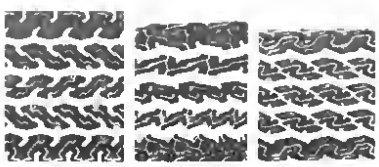
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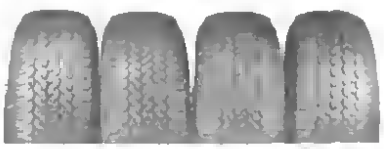


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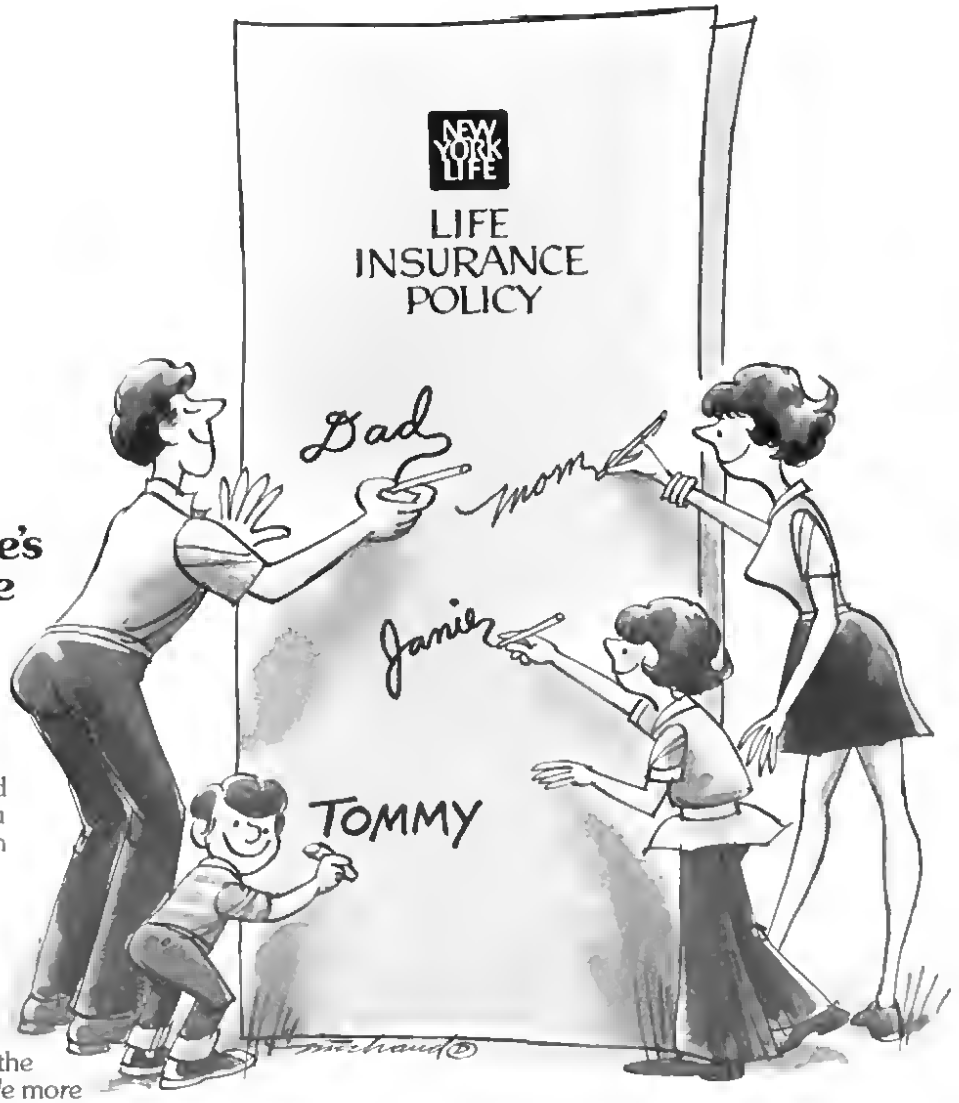
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ed," says the prince. The IEF's veterinary manual lists some 18 "forbidden substances" and also bans other things capable of "unfairly affecting" a horse's performance.

Butazolidin, the anti-inflammatory medication that brought about the disqualification of Dancer's Image after he had finished first in the 1968 Kentucky Derby, is not included among the banned substances, and Prince Philip is in accord with that decision. Indeed, the prince, now 55, took Bute himself to prolong his polo-playing career after his wrist was afflicted with arthritis.

"By taking Bute I was able to play polo longer than I would otherwise have been able to do," he says. "I didn't play better polo—unfortunately, no. But it did allow me to use my wrist and continue to play. Then I came off it, and my wrist was stiff and sore just where it had been before.

"Bute does not change a horse's ability. I see it as a safety valve for horse owners in competition, a therapeutic agent that allows a horse to compete that would not otherwise be able to do so. Without it, people might use de-nerving [cutting nerves, usually near the hooves], which is far more dangerous. Or otherwise you might have to shoot them."

RULE OF THREE

If you had to guess how well Tampa Bay and Seattle will do this fall as NFL expansion teams, you might venture something like 0-14, or possibly 1-13, right? However, a look at past performances indicates the new boys are going to do somewhat better.

Consider the records of the five expansion teams that joined either the NFL or the old AFL during the past 15 years. In 1961 the brand-new Minnesota Vikings upset the Chicago Bears in their first-ever regular-season game, followed that triumph with seven straight defeats, then beat both the Baltimore Colts and the Los Angeles Rams in the last five weeks of the season. The Vikings that first year were 3-11.

In 1966, the first Super Bowl season, the NFL added the Atlanta Falcons and the AFL the Miami Dolphins. The Falcons started out by losing nine straight but then stunned the NFL by knocking off the New York Giants, the Vikings and the St. Louis Cardinals in a four-week period and finished their maiden year with a 3-11 record, too. The new Dolphins lost five in a row, upset the Denver Broncos and Houston Oilers in successive weeks, lost six more, then ended the season by beating the Oilers again. Their season record? Good old 3-11.

A year later the New Orleans Saints joined the NFL and lost their first seven games, but they beat the Falcons, the Philadelphia Eagles and the Washington Redskins in the last half of the season to finish—what else?—3-11.

Finally, in 1968, there was Cincinnati, the last expansion team before this season's newcomers. Paul Brown's Bengals set pro football on its ear by winning two of their first three games (beating the Broncos and the Buffalo Bills) and then settled down. In their last 11 games the Bengals beat only the Dolphins to end up with—yes—3-11.

You can fly in the face of fate, if you want. As for us, we're trying to figure out who the three patsies are that the Buccaneers and Seahawks are going to trample.

CALIFORNIA CRICKET

They played a game of cricket at a "British Day" in Van Nuys, Calif. recently, which rather confused Bill Murphy, a Los Angeles newspaper photographer. A local cricket fan named Dick Howe volunteered to explain the game to Murphy and sent him the following note: "You have two sides, one out in the field and one in. Each man that's in the side that's in goes in and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in tries to get those coming in out. Sometimes you get men in and not out. When both sides have been in and out including the not outs, that is the end of the game."

In his next lesson Howe might explore the nuances of googly and silly mid-on.

X-RATED

Old handbooks on camping always warned about snakebite and usually gave an illustrated explanation of how to cope with it. Prominent in recommended first-aid procedures were Xs slashed across the fang punctures in order to open the wound. The next step was to suck out the venom, either by mouth or by using small suction cups that the prudent camper carried in his snakebite kit.

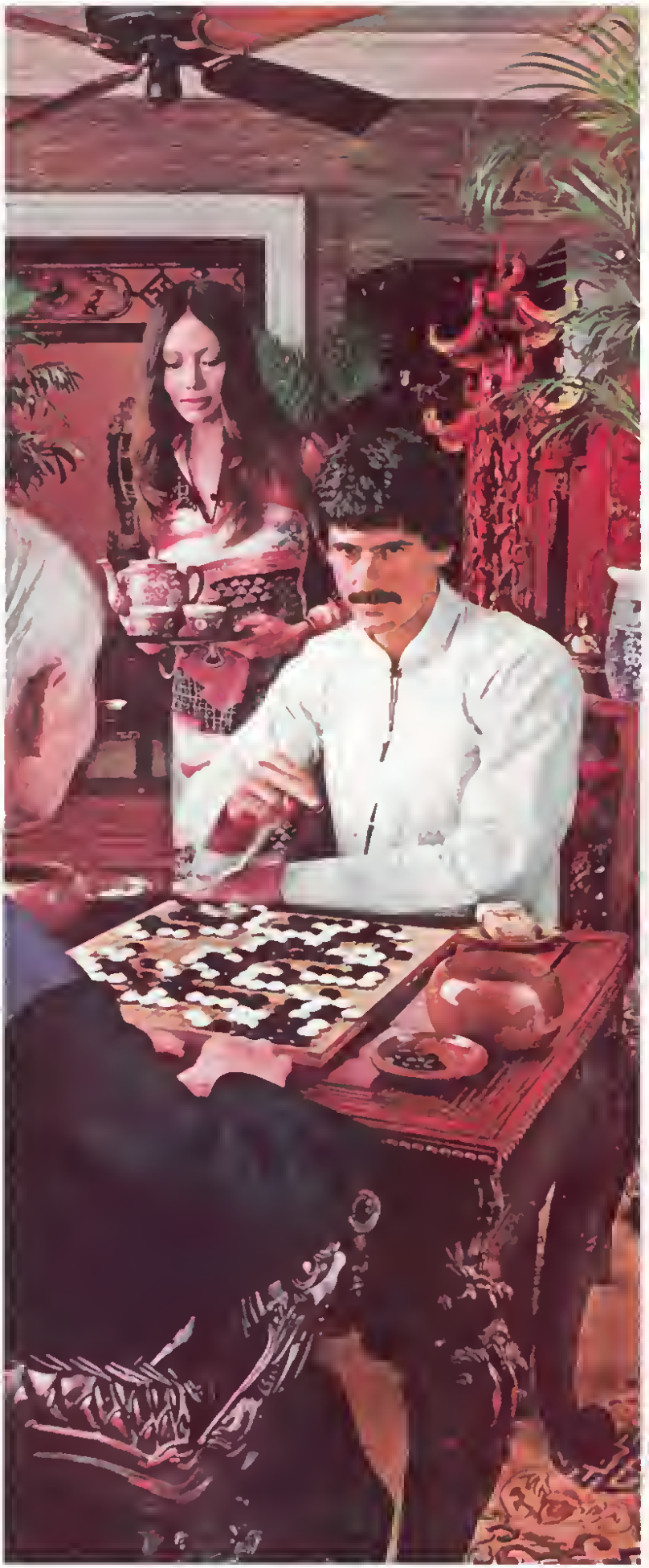
Dr. Gabe Mirkin, who does a sports-medicine column for *The Washington Post*, wrote recently that such treatment is ridiculous, that studies show almost no venom is removed from a snakebite wound by the slash-and-suck method. Instead, Mirkin referred us to Dr. Tom Glass of San Antonio, who says "constrictant bands" should be placed above and below the wound and the bitten area covered with ice enclosed in a plastic bag. The victim should be taken to a hospital as quickly as possible. The offending snake, if it can be captured or killed, should be brought along, too; it may turn out to be nonpoisonous, which makes things easier all around.

Dr. Robert E. Arnold, who has written a book about treating bites and stings of venomous creatures, takes issue with Mirkin and Glass. He calls "constrictant bands" tourniquets and says, "Tourniquets should not be used in the initial treatment. . . They are dangerous." He is against first-aid use of ice, warning that "ice treatment . . should not be done by lay people. Damage to the limb may be made worse and amputation may be necessary." And he adds, "Do not waste time hunting for the snake. Few physicians are able to identify most snakes."

Considering the difference of opinion as to what the proper treatment is, the best advice seems to be: don't get bitten.

THEY SAID IT

- Mike Cuellar, the Baltimore Orioles' Cuban-born lefthander, on how he tried to copy the Detroit Tigers' rookie sensation, Mark Fidrych: "I talked to the ball in Spanish, but I found out it was an American ball."
- Gene Mauch, of the Minnesota Twins, who is in his first year as an American League manager: "I've seen more inferior umpiring so far this season than I saw in 16 years as a manager in the National League."
- Bobby Murcer, San Francisco Giants' outfielder, on batting slumps: "You decide you'll wait for your pitch. Then as the ball starts toward the plate you think about your stance and then you think about your swing, and then you realize the ball that went past you for a strike was your pitch."
- Betty Richardson, after her third-place finish in the Delaware amateur golf tournament: "This game is 80% mental, and if you can conquer it mentally, you've got half of it beat." **END**



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AT LAST, HE'S OUT OF THE

Johnny Miller has been claiming he is not just one of the boys but the equal of Nicklaus. And at the British Open, he proved far more than a match for Jack

by Dan Jenkins

And on the last day Johnny Miller cut ears and tail.

There may never be a stranger and more confounding British Open golf championship than the one played last week on the combustible links of Royal Birkdale in Southport, England. Down where the breezes off the Irish Sea ran into a heat shield, ultimately—and maybe inevitably—a young Spaniard ran into the blaze of a Johnny Miller intent on confirming himself as a superstar and measuring up to all those Sears ads.

In this Open, dust and flames and smoke hovered in the air instead of the traditional fog and mist, and for most of the time the handsome, bewildering Spanish chap was *mucho contento* in the lead while Miller and everyone else was playing the role of El Perspiro or El Grumpo because of the uncharacteristic weather and a course that was gradually turning to crust.

For three rounds 19-year-old Severiano Ballesteros (phonetically, Severree-anno Bal-us-staire-us) led the champion-



Spain's 19-year-old Severiano Ballesteros was in the brakes, but not broken, until the final round

CROWD

ship with a remarkable exhibition of putting and slashing shots out of thickets and up and over towering dunes. He shared the first-day lead with two other impostors, an Irishman and a Japanese, but when he gouged out a second 69 on Thursday he was alone at the top.

And when his miracles continued through the third round, even though he was one on one in a pairing with Miller and no longer hidden in the pack, there was a temptation to think that one of the major surprises in the entire history

continued

of sport might, just might, be about to take place. El Ouimet at Brookline?

But then Severiano Ballesteros fell prey to catastrophe, and Johnny Miller, gaining control of himself, started firing one of those 66s he produces now and then. The world may not hear more from Severiano Ballesteros, he of the strong left grip, the wristy swing, the whiplash of a full swing and the nose for always finding the golf ball in the bushes. But the world heard what it has been waiting to hear from Johnny Miller since he sent everyone into collapse with his last-round 63 to win the 1973 U.S. Open. Now he has a second major triumph, and that is what he needed to go along with the royalty of his stride and the assumption—his own—that he belongs in a category with Jack Nicklaus.

In fact, Miller's rounds of 72-68-73-66 for 279 buckled the field of this British Open, and as he won by six strokes he enjoyed the luxury on the last several holes of slinging Slazenger golf balls to the crowds as he left the various greens. A day earlier he had slung his visor to the barren putting surfaces and kicked at it. An old Sam Snead, with whom Miller was sharing a house, had given him a lecture. "You don't throw your cap to the ground, son," said Sam. "That's not you. Hit golf shots is what you do best."

Johnny himself said before the start of the last 18, "I'm playing as good as I can play. I'm two behind Sevvie but I have to consider I'm really in the lead. I have to think he's going to hit the ball somewhere he can't find it."

There was no particular shot that won it for Miller. It was more a case of the Spaniard's game suddenly eroding. And this juiced Miller up for the birdie-eagle-par-par-par-birdie-birdie finish that he strapped on the last seven holes when something slightly less torrid was what others such as Nicklaus and Raymond Floyd had in mind.

Looking back on his shabby play in the third round, when he was first paired with Ballesteros and they each shot 73, Miller said, "I let his scrambling get to me, and my own game went out of control. He's a good kid, though. He wears Johnny Miller slacks."

The strangeness of the tournament probably was caused by the place and the weather. British Opens are infinitely more normal in Scotland. But Royal Birkdale is in England.

Southport lies on the sea a bit closer to the docks of Liverpool than the old cotton patches of Manchester. In character, Southport combines Atlantic City and St. Petersburg, the dunes and scrub around the roller coaster mixed in with the Victoriana of a rather elegant retirement resort. Huge homes, antique shops and rare book stores are also part of Southport. Everything has seen better days, of course, like the Empire itself—and the heat wave drew vivid attention to this fact. It seemed to be another time in history, as the golfers, led by the Nicklaus family, gathered on the lawn of the massive Prince of Wales Hotel every evening in search of a breeze while the hotels and restaurants ran out of ice, then water, then ice again. The windows refused to open and dust formed a filter over the late-setting sun.

Brush fires had never been a part of the British Open before. In all, there would be six, the first on Monday, a practice day. The largest and most dangerous flared during the opening round of the tournament when a cigarette touched off flames in the gorse, wildflower and buckthorn near the 1st fairway and behind the 2nd tee.

The fire threatened the grandstand at the 18th and caused a 30-minute delay in play as smoke rose over the course. Momentarily, it seemed to be a possibility that the whole tented village would go up, taking all those unnecessary Pringle cashmeres with it, not to mention the hit of this year's exhibition, a $2,000 Canadian sealskin golf bag, an item that looked so peculiar most any American golfer would not know whether to stick a club inside it or give it a platter of Tender Vittles.

Most of the talk at the 105th British Open was about the "imbalance" of the Royal Birkdale course. Even under conditions that might have been considered normal—the gale winds Arnold Palmer won in back in 1961—it is not a layout cherished by anyone. Not the players, the press or perhaps even the Royal and Ancient. It is difficult to warm to a course whose design has been changed so often, and which now has wound up with a peculiar par of 34-38—72 (it was a par 73 when Lee Trevino won five years ago). The first 12 holes are fairly similar par-4s and par-3s, either long or short caverns among the dunes. And all four of the par-5s are held back until the final six, with the prevailing wind usually helping on all but one of them. Thus, par for the last six holes was generally thought to be 3 under, at least, with the competitors hitting 230-yard five-irons and praying for the right bounce.



Proper British Open weather is that which the British like to say is "unfit for anyone but a dog or a Scot." The only sign of it was in Friday's third round when the welcome rains came and it got cool for about five hours. Both the weather and the Spaniard made Johnny Miller feel "soggy." But before and after that it was a case of slowly watching the golf course die.

Somebody said the Birkdale greens resembled camouflage jackets. Nicklaus couldn't get a feel for the brown spots, for the speed of them. The fairways were a mottled green and yellow and the cracked earth created an unusual number of ground-under-repair areas. The players spent half their time dropping balls over their shoulders, free of charge.

It was the ground-under-repair rule that led to the embarrassment of the U.S. Open champion Jerry Pate, who was playing in his first British Open. Years from now, when people look at the record book and see his rounds of 73-71-87, they are likely to think that he caught pneumonia the third day. Jerry Pate will remember it as the time he caught a "case of the R and A" and missed the cut.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FINLAYSON

Jackie Nicklaus carried Dad's bag and burdens.

His trouble really began in the second round when he was very much a contender. After his tee shot at the par-5 15th, Pate was in ground under repair, hopeful of getting the gimme birdies on the road home that might even give him the lead. In ground under repair, normally, the golfer is allowed a free drop two club-lengths from the area, no closer to the hole. But a rather militant R and A official on the scene told Pate he had to go 60 yards backward to a special drop area in high grass, an act which of course would deny him the opportunity to reach the green in 2, and thus blow *the birdie he wanted and needed.*

"Is this ground under repair?" Jerry asked nicely.

"Yes, it is," said the official.

"Then I can drop right here," Pate said.

"No you can't," said the R and A.

"Why not?" Jerry asked.

"Because you've just been told you can't," said the R and A, and that was all there was to it.

When the experience was repeated on Friday, Pate lost his composure, made a double bogey, began kicking at the dust and then tried to see how badly he could play. He later made an 8, and four more double bogeys, and it called to mind that every young player has his rank side, and Jerry Pate's simply came out suddenly and uncontrollably.

That evening, as he sat laughing about his exhibition in the Prince of Wales, he was told that his career had further followed the lines of Jack Nicklaus'. Pate's first pro victory had been in the U.S. Open, as had Jack's. And Nicklaus' first and only rank performance had been in his first British Open the same year, 1962. *Jack hadn't missed the cut at Troon that* year, but he had tried to, stubbornly hacking in the bushes of the 11th hole for a 10 and a humiliating 80. "Hey, that makes me feel better," Pate said. "But I wish I hadn't done what I did."

If Jerry Pate had been trying to win the child-of-the-week award, he had no chance against a 14-year-old caddie named Jackie Nicklaus. When the elder Nicklaus' regular British Open caddie, Jimmy Dickinson, injured a foot tendon on the hard sod before the championship, Jack gave the bag-toting job to his oldest son rather than fly over his American tour caddie, Angelo Argea.

Jackie held up well under the spotlight, and he never tired from lugging around his father's 8,000-ton bag, as evidenced by the fact that after the tournament's second round Jackie had himself driven over to Blackpool so he could see what it was like to play Royal Lytham and St. Annes, another of the courses on the British Open rotation.

Jackie knew everything to do, every proper place to be. "I didn't have to tell him anything," his father said. "When you saw us talking out there, I would usually be explaining to him why I had hit the shot I'd hit. For his own experience." The only real embarrassing moment for Jackie came in practice when he was *slagging eight-irons for the contender.* Backing up for one, he stepped in a hole—a rabbit scrape, perhaps—and fell down backward.

Because of the nature of the courses and the conditions, British Opens tend to sear into the memory especially audacious golf shots. For some reason, Birkdale seems to produce an abundance of such recollections. There is, after all, the monument in stone and bronze to Arnold Palmer, commemorating a five-iron he struck into the wind and onto the old 15th green, taking with it a bush and a half acre of brush, to rescue a par and preserve his victory. There is no plaque but there should be on Birkdale's 6th for the five-wood that Lee Trevino hit in 1971, which won him his first of two British Opens, a blind screamer of more than 250 yards that came to rest within two feet of the flag for a birdie on maybe the toughest hole in Britain—a hole that led to Ballesteros' undoing. Last week Jack Nicklaus hit such a shot at Birkdale in the third round that kept him well in contention, and it cries out for description because of its uniqueness.

Jack was playing the par-5 17th, and he had driven into the calf-deep right rough and he badly need a birdie. Nicklaus took out a six-iron and you could no more see even a glimpse of the ball in the grass than you could see his shoes. Later Nicklaus confessed it was the hardest swing he had ever taken at a golf ball. Laying open the face of the club, Jack attempted what he described as an intentional "flying cut." The ball soared an incredible 245 yards—*two hundred and forty-five yards with a six-iron,* mind you—and it reached the green only 20 feet from the pin.

While it was a golf shot for the ages, it merely led to the thing that kept Nicklaus continually out of range of Miller and the championship, another putt that singed the cup rather than dropping in.

What was left for Nicklaus was a tie for second with the unpredictable Spaniard, who, after all his messing about, closed with eagle-birdie and won that thunderous roar of approval that only comes from the grandstands at a British Open. It was the fifth time Nicklaus had been a runner-up in the oldest of the Big Four championships, this against his two victories, both of which have come in Scotland.

Nicklaus was those distant six strokes behind Johnny Miller at the end, however, *which is what happens when you* give Miller an opening and find him swinging well. Jack needed to put pressure on Miller earlier in the week, and earlier on the final day of Saturday, and he never really did.

In effect, this was Johnny Miller's tournament after the second round when he found himself trailing Ballesteros by only two strokes. Sooner or later a clump of some weird botanical species had to claim one or two of those wild shots the young Spaniard kept hitting. A triple bogey at the 11th did it for sure.

It had taken a while but it finally happened, and when it did Johnny Miller was there to strike his own match to not so jolly old Birkdale. **END**

SAVOIR DIDN'T FAIRE BUT EQUILEO DID

French horses finished one-two at the International Trot. The best the U.S. could do in tha $200,000 race was third with a highly irritable and pregnant Trotting Mama

by Douglas Looney

Outside New York's Roosevelt Raceway last week, a marquee encouraged passersby to see the INTERNATIONAL ROT. That wasn't actually what the people in charge had in mind, though in view of the eventual results of the 18th International Trot, Americans could agree fully with the sign's sentiment. Track management was unable to explain the case of the missing T, but said that it should be excused since it was *close* to being correct. "Close," of course, is what racing is all about, the racetrack being the principal forum for excuse-making about what would have been, could have been, or should have been.

Indeed, the race itself—this country's premier international trotting competition and second in importance in trotting circles only to the Hambletonian—offered plenty of excuses for everyone. Beginning with the mile-and-a-quarter distance. For the two U.S. horses, Meadow Bright and Savoir, and the Canadian entry, Snegem Flight, that was a bit long, the mile being the standard distance here. For the two French horses, the two Italian entrants and the Swedish hope, however, the distance was a trifle short. They would have preferred something on the order of a mile and 5/16ths. France's Bellino II, the big betting choice at 3 to 5, would have especially liked that distance. Bellino's idea of a really fun time would be to trot from New York to North Dakota and back.

The second French horse in the race had a less grandiose scheme for amusing himself, but most of the 33,929 fans who crammed themselves into Roosevelt on a perfect summer evening were not aware of it. In fact, most of them had never heard of Equileo, who had never run on this continent before. Too bad. For this unsung beast went off at 19 to 1, never got close to the rail—where everyone knows a horse must trot to win—was ignored by the track announcer as he was back in fourth and fifth for most of the way, and at the finish was, of course, first. That ended a stretch of four straight International wins by American horses.

All of which was way too much for Equileo's by then jubilant trainer and part owner, Pierre Désiré Allaire, who had insisted before the race, "I tell you, I will be very, very disappointed if Equileo doesn't win. Believe me." Because people in polite circles at important races do not snicker at other human beings, listeners were obliged to turn their backs and smother their laughter in handkerchiefs. For reasons too many to count.

First, and the main consideration, according to those who claimed to know, was that Driver Bernard Froger was inexperienced on the shorter oval. The International was, in fact, Froger's first drive ever in the U.S. Plus, in 17 previous races against Bellino, Equileo had managed to lose every time. Plus, well, Equileo just wasn't that much of a horse (his best mile rate this year was 2:03.1, slowest in the field) and he might have slipped into complete oblivion had it not been for the other part owner, actor Alain Delon, France's answer to Robert Redford. Nevertheless, Froger had a statement before the race: "My horse is just as good as anybody else's." Time to hit the handkerchiefs again.

At which time Allaire strolled to a betting window and plunked down $1,000 to win and $1,000 to place on the critter he purchased five years ago for $4,500. Later he tried not to gloat as he collected his $24,000. For the more timid, a $2 win ticket on Equileo paid $40.60. Only three other horses went off with more betting disrespect than Equileo, and none of them returned a cent.

This year's big disappointment was Bellino II, whom horsemen like to hyperbolize as the greatest French export since Bardot. Last year he won 12 of 18 races, this year 11 of 13 (his other finishes were a second and a third). He has lifetime earnings of $1,530,965 and, before the International, was only $129,662 short of the alltime money record set by another French marvel, Une de Mai.

Admittedly, there were reasons to wonder about Bellino. He was not in his best form. But, experts said, he was in plenty good enough shape to win. In fact, Bellino's people gave the feeling that they thought it was kind of cute that Equileo had been doing little for three months but training for this race on a special half-mile track.

One potential problem was that Bellino is so big he does not perform well on the tight corners of half-mile American tracks. To remedy that, tracksiders speculated he would operate somewhere in the middle of the track, which would add to the distance he had to cover (he could cope with that) but allow him to negotiate the turns more easily. That problem disposed of, everyone fell to telling Bellino stories, such as how he supposedly had a fear of flying before it was a dirty book and how, sad to tell, word



was out that Bellino might have more affection for his male friends than for lady visitors.

Driver Jean-René Gougeon flew into town shortly before the race, patted Bellino (he hadn't sat behind him for more than two weeks, which caused another trainer to sniff, "If Bellino wins, I say it will be in spite of his management") and pronounced everything fine. When the horse came in second he changed his view. "For the last month he is just not the same horse as before," he said

Which could be said about the American horse, Savoir, who won the International last year, whipping Bellino, and is one of only four trotters to have won $1 million. In his first outing this year in early June, the 8-year-old brown gelding did a snappy 1:59.2 mile. But, inexplicably, in his last four trips he has finished no better than fourth (he was sixth in the International) and definitely has lost his trot. There are those who think he popped his cork in that June excursion. But extensive blood tests in the days before the International failed to disclose any malady Driver Billy Haughton insisted, "There's nothing wrong with him." Clearly, however, there is, and although Haughton came away from the race grumbling that Italian Driver Sergio Brighenti, behind Delfo, had run into him and nearly knocked Savoir over, Billy confessed, "Savoir really has lost a shade off his old self." Bettors who sent him off at 5 to 1 had to be putting their money on him for old times' sake and past favors.

The other American entry, the 4-year-old mare Meadow Bright, had a big chance and finished third, even though her troubles run from chronic arthritis to bad tendon trouble to the fact she is in foal. Now known as the Trotting Mama, she was a sentimental choice at 5 to 1. Who wouldn't enjoy seeing a pregnant lady defeat a man at anything? Never mind that Meadow Bright has a miserable disposition, which prompted her groom, Ted Gawrin, to remark, "She just hates people." Biting and kicking are her most developed character traits. Delvin Miller gave her a good trip, but she ended up boxed in behind Bellino, unable to move even if she had had more move in her.

Miller bred the horse, sold her a year ago for $175,000 and now estimates her worth—thanks to several key wins, like the American Trotting Championship—at $500,000. Said Miller, "I'm tickled to death the mare did so well." Maybe, but after his hopes had been so high, the experience did leave him leaning over a rail spitting in the dirt.

No doubt Miller will remember the outing, for as the eight horses started their quest for a share of the $200,000 purse (Equileo got $100,000, Bellino $50,000 and Meadow Bright $24,000), Mama was on top and led through the first quarter-mile. Then Bellino took the lead, setting a leisurely pace, with Meadow Bright hanging close.

Added excitement was provided by Snegem Flight, whom the fans had pegged at 9 to 2, apparently bemused by the fact that he comes from absolutely undistinguished parentage in a sport where breeding is considered nearly everything—although Bellino has other-side-of-the-tracks breeding, too, coming from a sire and a dam in their 20s (old for horses), neither of whom had raced seriously. Snegem Owner-Trainer-Driver William Megens (now you see how the horse got his name) admits his horse's ability is a fluke, but he is having a high old time, because he remembers the days when he was working as a groom for $30 a week, sending $25 of it home to help his folks and using the remaining funds to live on Rice Krispies and milk. Says Megens, "A man doesn't have to make a lot of money, but he's a lot happier if he at least gets a shot at it."

Snegem appeared at the three-quarter mark in the second spot, fell back, apparently spent, then showed up second again at the top of the stretch. But the company was too classy. Equileo began his move and was readily identifiable by the blur as he stepped past Meadow Bright and then Snegem, who ultimately finished fifth. Froger got out the whip and caught Bellino, too, winning by half a length in 2:33.3, more than two seconds off the world record.

Duke Iran from Sweden (33 to 1) was fourth (excuse: average horse who feuds with starting gate); one Italian horse, Delfo (excuse: late arriving and had to endure quarantine in New Jersey), was seventh, and the other, Patroclo (excuse: terrible workouts), did not finish. Said Haughton: "What we learned was, Equileo was the best—tonight." True, for Equileo had perhaps more excuses than anyone. Now he gets to save them. **END**

At the finish Bernard Froger drives 19-to-1 longshot Equileo past Bellino II the prerace 3-to-5 favorite





BIGWIG FLIPS HIS WIG IN WIGWAM

Atlanta Owner Ted Turner is nuts about his Braves. Like them—and does he evar! —he chaws Rad Man, cries "Awwwrrright" and slaps palms For his fans he has raced motorized bathtubs and entered a mattress-stacking contast **by Ron Fimrite**

Hardy souls attempting conversation with Atlanta Braves Owner Ted Turner sometimes experience the same sort of bafflement miscreants did in the old radio days when speaking with Lamont Cranston. Not that Turner, who at 37 is also a television tycoon and internationally renowned yachtsman, enjoys the "hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so that they could not see him," that Cranston did in the guise of The Shadow. It is just that he, too, is never where you think he is when you are talking to him.

Take last Friday. When first seen, Turner was seated behind his office desk at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium, nattering on about how he planned to maintain a somewhat lower profile from now on, his concept of a low profile approximating Jimmy Carter's. Then, poof, he was gone, his voice audible from two rooms distant: "Hey, Hope. I've got an idea. Hope, where are you?" When Turner disappears, it is generally to seek out Bob Hope, his eternally patient and calamitously named director of public relations, promotions and ticket sales, and burden him with his latest mad scheme. On this occasion, for example, he wanted Hope to use the phrase "Not Too Shabby" on the stadium message board to commemorate some act of Brave heroism—"not too shabby" being a clubhouse expression Turner now affects. But even when Hope is unavailable, Turner, in discourse, is largely invisible. He is not actually seeking to escape; he simply is too restless to observe the unspoken rule that one should remain within eyesight as well as earshot.

Apparently, only the sight of a Brave in uniform will root him to one spot, for in one of his flights from his office last Friday he passed a window that looked out upon the playing field. Turner stopped and stood before it smiling proudly, like a father gazing on his first-born. "Isn't that great?" he said. "Just look at 'em. Have you ever seen a happier bunch of guys?" To the untrained observer, the Braves, who were taking batting practice, shagging flies and performing calisthenics, looked no more ecstatic than most ballplayers do at their chores. But Turner sees in these quite average players visions of greatness, and indeed, if they can bring him to a halt, even for a moment, there must be more to them than meets the eyes.

That night the Happiness Boys defeated the Mets 5-3 on eighth-inning run-scoring singles by Willie Montanez and Ken Henderson. Turner was in his box alongside the Braves dugout, lustily chewing Red Man tobacco (a vice he picked up from his players), rising to his feet in ecstasy over the most routine Braves plays and happily signing autographs for his neighbors in the stands



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR

while thanking them for taking the trouble to be there. He did not, however, make use of the public-address microphone he keeps handy for those occasions when he feels compelled to address the multitudes.

At the last out, he vaulted the railing onto the field before usher Walter Banks could open a gate for him. He met the victorious athletes as they jogged into the dugout, slapping hands and shouting, "Isn't it great?" In the clubhouse he gathered up an armful of beer cans and distributed them, cooing, "Awwwrright," with the proper inflection, further indication of his assimilation of the language. He commiserated with Andy Messersmith on some unfavorable publicity the pitcher had received that day in an Atlanta newspaper. "The papers would screw up a two-car funeral," he advised the player who had struggled successfully against the reserve system. "I don't read the papers," replied Messersmith.

It is fashionable among baseball's newer owners to make themselves much more accessible to the public than their lordly predecessors. San Francisco Giants coowner Bob Lurie sits among the fans, daily risking their displeasure over the team's cellar tenancy. Bill Veeck, on his return to the game, is the same lovable eccentric, and Ray Kroc of San Diego, Brad Corbett of Texas and George Steinbrenner of the Yankees are hardly reclusive. Not to mention Charlie O. But Ted Turner, who is tall, lean, mustachioed and handsome, makes them all seem about as gregarious as Garbo. Braves Outfielder Ken Henderson has said, "The things he's done have never been done before."

In Atlanta's first home game, Henderson himself was startled to discover that among those greeting him at home plate after his second-inning home run was his owner. Turner has also appeared on the field to help the ball girls sweep the bases between innings. At such times, he is not above dancing with them. Following Brave losses, he has collapsed atop the dugout, arms folded across his chest as if mortally wounded. On Memorial Day he finished second in a pre-game race of motorized bathtubs, grousing about being crowded on the backstretch, and then in the eighth inning, when San Diego scored six runs, he reached for his mike and announced, "Nobody is going to leave here a loser. If the Braves don't win tonight, I want you all here as my guests tomorrow. We're going to be in big league baseball for a long time, and one of these days we're gonna start beating hell out of those guys who've been beating hell out of us." Some 1,140 accepted his invitation for the next night, and watched the Braves win 9-1.

During another pre-game promotion, Turner entered into a collegiate mattress-stacking contest, throwing his own body onto the human pyramid. On July 26 he will ride an ostrich in a race against "all-comers," an event his long-suffering wife, Jane, has vowed to avoid watching, burying her head in infield dirt if necessary. At Turner's bidding, he and his players filmed a singing commercial for local television—"Come on out and see the Braves at your Atlanta teepee." Low profile?

Turner's dogged efforts to be considered one of the boys in the clubhouse have done more than impoverish his vocabulary and stain his teeth with tobacco juice. They have also gotten him in dutch with National League President Chub Feeney, who in May summoned Turner to his office in San Francisco and importuned him to cease playing poker with the players, to stop jumping onto the field during games, to abandon his plan to give his athletes incentive bonuses and, for Heaven's sake, to do some-

continued

On Fathers-Kids Day at County Stadium Messersmith shoots the breeze with two of his teammates' children. Fixtures are the Bleacher Creature and a ballgirl





thing about the lettering on the back of Messersmith's uniform shirt.

The shirt tale is long, but it comes out well. Early in the season a fan complimented Turner on the team's new uniforms but deplored the omission of the players' names above the numbers on the backs of the shirts. Turner, new to baseball and its ways, was thunderstruck by this oversight. Most teams, he learned, do have the names of the players on the shirts. After the game he hurried into the clubhouse and announced that from now on the players would have their names sewn on like everyone else. The reaction to this news was virtually imperceptible, save by Messersmith. The pitcher, acquired a few days earlier for a million dollars or so, explained that his name was too long for his shirt. The "M" and the "H" would appear on the sleeves, possibly impeding his pitching motion. What to do? Messersmith proposed an alternative. Instead of surnames, why not use nicknames?

Within the week, the Braves took the field with such sobriquets as "Wimpy," "Gallo," "Prof," "Heavy," "Bird Dog" and "Mo" on their shirts. Messersmith appeared with "Channel" above his number. Andy (Channel) Messersmith? Can that be a nickname? No, the pitcher wears number 17 and Turner, by the merest coincidence, owns the Channel 17 TV station in Atlanta. The owner was delighted by his star's show of affection for him. The league president was not. By appearing with Channel 17 on his back, Messersmith was acting as a kind of ambulatory billboard, said Feeney, and baseball does not approve of such blatant advertising. The "Channel" was out, Messersmith replacing it with "Bluto," which he insists is his nickname, although it is also the name of Olive Oyl's perennial abductor in the Popeye cartoon.

The issue was rendered academic a few weeks later when Messersmith, once again taking the lead, suggested to his teammates that maybe wearing nicknames on their backs had jinxed them. Their record at home with nicknames was an appalling 3-13. The players, forever superstitious, agreed. Off went the lettering. Since that day in mid-June the Braves have won 11 and lost eight at home.

Turner has said he will always bend to his players' wishes in such matters, because they are all "very good friends of mine," even those, such as Darrell Evans and Marty Perez, whom he traded away. His affection may not always be reciprocated, particularly at contract time, but many players feel rewarded by the buddy system. "Sure, he's a millionaire with a new toy," says Outfielder Jimmy Wynn, whom Turner acquired from the successful but much less lovable Dodgers. "I think he's gonna be good for baseball. He stands up and tells the fans, 'Thank You.' And he's created a family atmosphere around here.

"When you think about it, why shouldn't we be a family? We eat and sleep together for nearly eight months out of the year. Ted Turner is an exciting guy. He wants to do everything to bring a winner to Atlanta."

Not all of his efforts are appreciated, though. When Turner purchased the

continued

LARCENY IS NOT IN HIS HEART

For the record, the count on Atlanta's Earl Craig Williams Jr. was 2 and 2, one out, nobody on, bottom of the seventh, Atlanta leading Pittsburgh 4-1 at County Stadium as Jim Rooker looked in for the sign. On the next delivery, a curve inside, Williams hit a sharp grounder to Shortstop Frank Taveras, who rifled the ball to Willie Stargell in plenty of time. Two out, 6-3 if you're scoring. The game was not halted and nobody rushed out to present Williams with anything. Nevertheless, the Braves' journeyman catcher had just broken the all-time major league record for not stealing bases. The record previously had been held by another much-traveled catcher, Russ Nixon, and Williams had been slowly but steadily chipping away at it ever since he broke into the majors in 1970.

In his 12-year career between 1957 and 1968, Nixon had 2,504 at bats without stealing a single base, more than any player in the history of modern baseball. Williams' final time up against the Pirates last Tuesday—his fourth at bat of the night—gave him 2,505. The record that Nixon had held for eight years now belonged to him.

Afterward, in the joyous Braves clubhouse—joyous because Andy Messersmith had beaten the Pirates 4-2—Williams was informed that he had broken an all-time major league record.

"What record?" he asked, scratching his head. "Most times grounding out to shortstop?" Learning the details, he was jubilant. "All *right*!" he shouted. "I'm in the record books again!" Williams was referring to his 1971 National League Rookie of the Year Award. "I knew there was a reason why I never stole!"

Russ Nixon, who is now the first-base coach for Cincinnati, went into a mild state of shock when told that his mark had been shattered. (This was partly because he had had no idea that he was a world-record holder in anything.) "Holy cow," he kept saying.

Before 1898 a runner was credited with a steal even if he just took an extra base on a hit—going from first to third on a single, for instance. In those days, therefore, it was much harder not to steal bases. In fact, a player who didn't steal bases usually found himself playing for the Whippleville Wafers. Though the steal is generally regarded as a straightforward offensive weapon, Herman A. (Germany) Schaefer, a one-time teammate of Ty Cobb, once tried a bit of subtlety. On second base and with a teammate on third, Schaefer hit out at full speed back to first, attempting to upset the catcher and pitcher and hoping his teammate could score in the confusion. It was shortly made illegal to run the bases in reverse order.

Ranking behind Williams (the only active player in the Top Ten) and Nixon in the Stealless Sweepstakes are, with their at bats (one must keep in mind that these figures do not include the number of times a batter reached base on a walk, a sacrifice, hit by pitch, etc. and then did not steal a base): Aaron Robinson (1,839), Al Ferrara (1,382), Bob Schmidt (1,305), Coco Laboy (1,247), Richie Scheinblum (1,218), Jack Hiatt (1,142), Chuck Essegian (1,018) and Manny Jimenez (1,003). ABC Monday Night Baseball commentator Bob Uecker, who played six years in the majors, ranks 14th with 731 at bats and no steals. Honorable mentions go to Dick (Dr. Strangeglove) Stuart, who had 3,408 consecutive at bats before stealing a base and making himself ineligible for the record, and to Gus Triandos—3,907 at bats, one steal.

Maury Wills, who was one of the worst at not stealing bases, once said, "It's just as important to know when not to go as it is to know when to go." If Wills' theory can be applied to non-stealing, one thing can be said about Earl Williams: he knows when not to go.

Does Williams have any advice for young players setting out to break his record? Of course. "You gotta work on getting a bad jump," he says. STEVE WEITZMAN



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Braves last January for $10 million, he was acclaimed by the Atlanta press as a savior. The fifth-place Braves had attracted only 534,672 fans at home in 1975, the lowest ever in their 10 years in Atlanta. The team had been up for sale, possibly to interests that would take it out of town. Turner, the hometown millionaire, arrived bubbling with enthusiasm. "Losersville, USA," he pledged, would soon become "Winnersville."

But he quickly ran afoul of the media by first firing the four-foot tall Donald Davidson as vice-president and traveling secretary, then demoting Executive Vice-President Eddie Robinson to consulting and scouting duties. Davidson, who joined the Braves nearly 40 years ago as a batboy, was a media darling, a drinking buddy of the reporters, the sort of "character" newsmen prize. Davidson almost immediately found a job with the Houston Astros and thanked Turner for inadvertently driving him to "the best job I've ever had."

Robinson was also popular with the press, which credited him with engineering the off-season player transactions that greatly improved this year's team. His replacement is John Alevizos, a soft-spoken former Red Sox executive, who has himself proved to be a competent wheeler-dealer with his acquisition of Montanez from San Francisco and Mike Marshall from Los Angeles. But Turner's treatment of Davidson and Robinson seemed unusually lacking in compassion for an owner supposedly bursting with goodwill.

Turner's reputation for affability is well-earned, but as baseball fans are now learning and business associates and fellow yachtsmen have always known, he can be tough. He is at his most truculent on the telephone, as was illustrated recently by a conversation he had with another television executive who had overlooked Turner's station in the bidding for a new program. The poor man was treated to the full Turner repertoire of avowed reprisals and laments of bad faith: "We go back a long damn ways. . . . We're your biggest customers south of the Mason-Dixon line and east of California. . . . There's gonna be some butts roasted before this is over. . . . You haven't done right by a dear old friend who's always done right by you. . . . I'll be in your office tomorrow at one and you better have everyone there" Was the show, some sort of country music vehicle, all that valuable, Turner was asked. "Oh, it's probably crummy," he said. "I'm not even sure I want it."

Turner, educated in private schools in Chattanooga and at Brown University, inherited his father's outdoor advertising business 13 years ago and has since expanded it to include, by his count, "two television stations, two radio stations, two outdoor advertising agencies, one electric sign company, one direct marketing company, six baseball teams (the Braves and their farm clubs), one stadium club and a partridge in a pear tree."

Besides his gift for baseball lingo, Turner has a formidable command of aphorisms, dropping freely such pithy observations as "Anyone who can run a ballclub can run General Motors" or "I don't feel like a big mucky-muck and I know four kings on a first-name basis" and "Some things don't need changing—the sunrise doesn't need changing, moonlight doesn't need changing, azaleas don't need changing, baseball doesn't need changing."

For a man who believes in the immutability of azaleas and the national pastime, Turner has done much to change the Braves. Of last year's starting lineup only Rowland Office in center field remains and, at 23, he looks to be around a while longer. From May 23 to June 24 he assembled a 29-game hitting streak, the longest in the National League this year. But newer people have made significant contributions, too. Montanez, unhappy in San Francisco, has driven in more runs in 28 games with the Braves than he did in 60 with the Giants. Marshall, unhappy in Los Angeles, has five saves in 12 games with the Braves as against eight in 30 with the Dodgers. And Messersmith, who missed all of spring training after liberating himself from his Dodger contract and shopping for a new owner, has returned to the form that has made him one of the game's finest pitchers. Tom Paciorek, another Dodger refugee, is hitting .331, and Darrel Chaney, a former Red benchwarmer, is hitting .261 and fielding brilliantly as a full-time shortstop.

After a bleak early season, during which they lost 13 straight games, the Braves have rebounded to within five games of .500. Manager Dave Bristol, a tough Southerner, says the improvement will be even more pronounced in the second half of the season. "We've made some changes and we'll make one or two more," he says. "I've gotten to know the

continued

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Turner has promoted furiously. On Sunday, nine couples were married in a mass ceremony on the field before a come-from-behind 9-8 win over the Mets, and professional wrestling bouts were held afterward. Oddly enough, Turner was involved in neither attraction, although he had offered to wrestle sportswriter Frank Hyland of *The Atlanta Journal*, one of his proposed opponents in the ostrich race. Whatever he does, the fans seem to have responded to the Turner brand of show biz. In half a season, the team has drawn within 28,000 of last year's total attendance.

As a youngster, Turner played little baseball, preferring sailing, hunting and fishing. Until he bought the Braves he had seen but 20 games in his lifetime, and he did not become interested in the team until his television station began broadcasting the games. Such esoterica as the balk and the infield fly rule were beyond him. But he is learning. Before his recent low-profile decision, he made all the road trips with the team, asking questions of other owners and general managers, checking out stadium operations and polishing his knowledge of the rules.

He decided to disengage himself slightly in the belief that his fraternization with the players only added to the pressures on them. "They were actually trying too hard," he concluded. This past month he took several weeks off to race boats in Bermuda and Norway, though he was continually on the phone, asking for the scores.

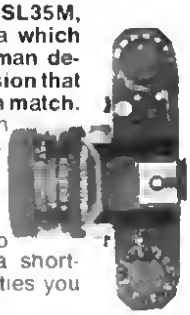
Few fans are more vocal and physically active than the Braves' owner. He will even battle his seat-mates for foul pops in the stands. They seem to love him all the more for his involvement. During Friday's game, Turner was approached by a pudgy man in shorts and a rugby shirt. "I just want to thank you, Mr. Turner," the visitor said. "I want to thank you for the great job you're doing for the city of Atlanta."

Turner seemed touched by the tribute. "Thank *you*," he said and then turned to his wife. "Isn't that great?" He glanced up at the stadium message board. The words were there bold and clear: "Not Too Shabby."

"Awwrright," said Turner. "Where's that Hope?" And then he was out of sight again. **END**

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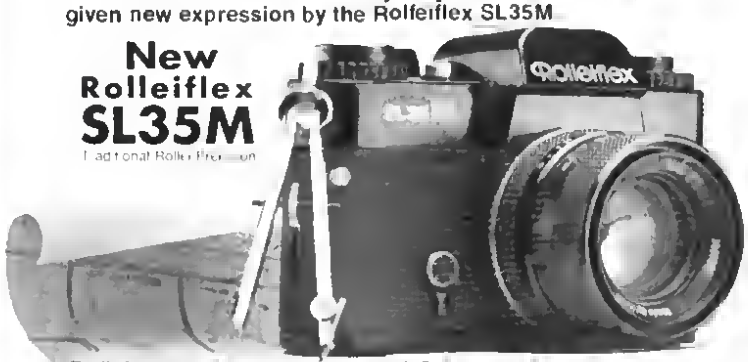
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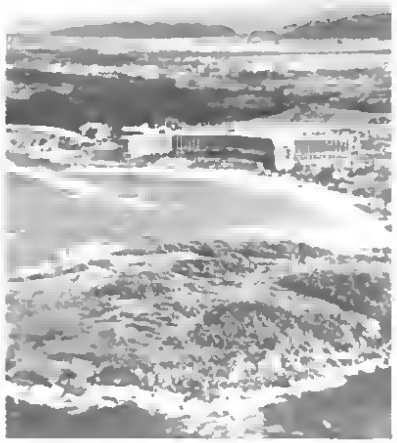
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Games in crisis, Drapeau admits

hree Taiwan Olympians

U.S. threater if Olympic

MORE DARK CLOUDS OVER MONTREAL

Even as the athletes began to arrive, the trouble-plagued XXI Olympic Games ware confronted with two additional crises, host country Caneda barring the Taiwanese team and Tanzania refusing to show up if New Zealand did **by Frank Deford**

The Olympic flame will be carried from Athens to Ottawa by laser beam. It will take one-twentieth of a second. Overland from there, in a more conventional way, the torch will be brought to Montreal and, should there be an Olympics, the flame will be taken into the magnificent new stadium on this Saturday afternoon, July 17, 1976.

Unfortunately, as it becomes easier to transmit the Olympic flame, it becomes more difficult to carry its meaning. Such divisiveness, such selfishness, such rancor as marked the warmups for the 21st modern Olympiad last week began to make it seem almost academic whether or not the Games would be played—unless, of course, gold medals are given for self-righteousness, pettiness and grandstanding. Nor any longer is it sufficient just to smile and say, oh well, these little quibbles always pop up and are forgotten as soon as the athletes get to sweating—nations will be nations, heh, heh. These disputes are never truly healed, and they only leave deeper wounds in the Olympic spirit. Because of Munich, Montreal has become a suspicious stockade town; because of past political incursions, the Olympics have become a place where opportunists can make a total shambles out of what once stood for good fellowship and excellence. Canada has spent $100 million on security, only to find out that the terrorists are within.

At week's end there were two major confrontations. Canada announced that the Republic of China could not compete under that name because the Dominion only recognizes mainland China and, despairing, the Executive Board of the International Olympic Committee acquiesed. Tanzania declared that because a rugby team from New Zealand had competed in South Africa, it would not enter its team—including the world-record holder in the 1,500, Filbert Bayi—unless New Zealand quit the Games.

Other African nations indicated they might follow the Tanzanian example—as great a symbolic amputation to the Games as a whole as Bayi's absence to his glamour event. Moreover, his government has also prohibited Bayi from entering a series of post-Olympic races against his prime rival, John Walker of

Bayi was fit as a fiddle but had nowhere to run



Killanin was caught in the middle of the furor





New Zealand, and other top milers who are scheduled for Philadelphia, Helsinki and Edinburgh. We were all looking forward to the Dream Mile, and now that is exactly what we have, a mile to dream about.

But the shocking IOC decision concerning Taiwan cuts deeper, to the very heart of the Olympic movement. It would be erroneous to think back on it as some passing squall, something vaguely contrived, like boxers going through publicity motions to build up a fight gate. It speaks directly to Olympic sovereignty—and all the louder because the next Games will be held in Moscow.

Technically, when Games are awarded by the IOC, they are only granted to the petitioning city, but the country is obliged to offer its support. Essentially, the IOC becomes an independent jurisdiction, a government in residence with control over its temporary constituency. The Canadian government, run by the Liberals, then as now, tacitly accepted this well-recognized understanding with letters to the IOC when the Games were awarded in 1970.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau wrote, "I ... extend to all who are associated with the Olympic Games a cordial invitation to visit us in Montreal in 1976." His Secretary of State for External Affairs, Mitchell Sharp, wrote even more explicitly, "I would like to assure you that all parties representing the National Olympic Committees and International Sports Federations recognized by the IOC will be free to enter Canada pursuant to the normal regulations." Now, presumably, the last five words of legalistic curlicue are the loophole by means of which Trudeau legitimizes his position.

Lord Killanin, the president of the IOC, first learned of Canada's intent to deny the Republic of China its name and flag on May 28, but the issue was not squarely faced until last Friday, July 9, when several ROC team members were refused admission to Canada. Then all-day negotiations began in earnest at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. Compromise proved elusive because each side argued a different rationale. Canada cited, well, politics—as in sports and politics don't mix. The Canadians proclaimed the rather obvious existence of Red China and its 825 million souls. The IOC and the Republic of China remained just as intransigent, claiming that Red China, which is not, of its own accord, an Olympic member, is not a factor in the issue. All that counts is that the ROC is a member of the IOC in good standing, and that Canada had given its guarantee to accept every such party.

Virtually all outside support flowed to the IOC and Taiwan. For example, even the International Rowing Federation, which counts mainland China (and not island China) as a member, sided with the Olympians. The Canadian Olympic Association also argued against its own country and in the bargain even offered an analogy between Trudeau and Hitler. Canadians, who have suffered large amounts of bad publicity over their handling of the Games (could they even build that stadium on time?), have become particularly sensitive *continued*

The Taiwanese, including Coach C K Yang, traveled 8,000 miles only to face prospect of going home



about how their government's arbitrary position will make them appear in the eyes of the world. When John Diefenbaker, the former Conservative prime minister, toured the Olympic site last week, he mournfully said that he feared Canada would become known "as a country which broke its word."

So recently a much-admired nation, sympathized with for having to be in the awful shadow of the awful U.S., Canada's language shenanigans are now making it an international figure of fun. Just as it tries to gloss over its French-English disputes with a literal doublespeak—style instead of substance—so is the Taiwan matter so much semantic embroidery. Imagine all this fuss over a name. Besides, after so many years of moaning that it won't be dominated by the U.S., it is strange, to say the least, that Trudeau would put his country in a position where it appears to be nothing more than a running dog lackey for Peking.

It is all of a piece, anyway; so far the Olympics have succeeded mostly in disillusioning Canada and driving it apart. For the first time now, the English-speaking are beginning to say out loud that maybe everybody would be better off if Quebec just took a walk. Those from outside La Belle Province are especially unhappy about having their tax money go to pay for the greater glory of Montreal and Quebec. Originally, the Games were budgeted to break even at a cost of $310 million. But there was a slight miscalculation of about 500%, and everybody is going to have to dig deep to pay off losses on what has become a $1.5 billion boondoggle. Souvenir salesmen have even had a hard time peddling Olympic trinkets to their out-of-province countrymen, and under pressure of the Olympics, the unions and the languages have made unbecoming noises. Air controllers want French spoken at all Quebec airports, and ethnic-related tensions are involved in a potential TV technicians' strike that could, if it takes place, black out television coverage of the Games.

The opposition party, the Conservatives, have leapt on the Taiwan issue. In Parliament one day last week, Diefenbaker and his successor as party leader, Joe Clark, took on Trudeau. "The world has moved on since the right honorable member was prime minister," Trudeau retorted archly.

Across the floor, Clark shouted back, "Yes, it has. In his day commitments were honored."

But the government remained unyielding. After a full day of sessions on Saturday, Assistant Undersecretary of External Affairs, André Bissonette, announced, "We are not prepared to allow the public proclamation in Canada of anyone under the name of the Republic of China."

On Sunday, with a heavy heart, the 61-year-old Killanin announced that the IOC had capitulated to Canada. He said that the decision to go on with the Games was made in the interest of athletes from all over the world who had been preparing for the Olympics, in some cases for years. Accusing the Canadian government of a breach of faith, he thundered, "The whole world is absolutely fed up with politicians interfering with sport."

In an attempt at a compromise, the IOC made a last-minute suggestion that the Taiwanese march in the opening ceremony with a plaque bearing the letters IOC instead of their national flag. Taiwan refused. "We will not give up our principle," a team spokesman said.

The Taiwanese have endured a number of reversals in the past few years, suffering the enmity of everybody from the United Nations to the Little League, but they have just gone on about their business. This time, though, they have a lot of friends. "Of all the raw deals we've had, this one tops them all," said Thomas Hsueh (pronounced Shea).

He is the captain of the ROC yachting team, and as he spoke he was sitting, in of all places, the Olympic Village, in the appointed office of the Republic of China, a sign on the door so designated it. Hsueh's credentials list him as from the Republic of China. All official material makes similar references to just such a place. Private citizens call him up on the phone and apologize for their government; athletes stop him to commiserate.

Hsueh and a handful of other team members carry dual passports (Hsueh went to the University of Colorado and lived for many years in the States), and they had come quietly into the Dominion before all the hell broke loose. On Friday the bulk of the team was stopped by Canadian orders in the U.S., and the athletes were scattered about, awaiting word. The largest contingent found its way to Boston, where, coals to Newcastle, they were provided with a tour of Chinatown.

In the face of the China crisis, the IOC would not even bother to discuss the African demi-crisis when it boiled over late last Friday. It came as something of a surprise, since the New Zealand matter had been broached a few days earlier in Mauritius at the annual summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity, there eliciting only the rather mild opinion that the 48 member states might "consider" boycotting the Games.

It was Tanzania that forced the issue, finally deciding to act alone, specifically protesting the presence in South Africa of the New Zealand All Blacks as "open approval by New Zealand of the murderous acts" of the recent Soweto riots in which 176 died. The statement concluded, "To exclude from the Games countries which fraternize with South Africa is the greatest contribution mankind can make in reaching a peaceful solution in South Africa."

It took another day before Nigeria, the largest and most powerful black African nation, suggested that other African countries would probably fall in line. (At week's end, only Mauritius had done so.) Certainly, there was no chance that New Zealand would pull out on its own. Bill Holley, the New Zealand chief of mission, pointed out that in his country athletic federations have no connection with the government, nor with one another. To put this in perspective, the All Blacks rugby team is simply an independent enterprise equivalent to, say, the World Championship of Tennis, which is incorporated and located in Dallas and which annually sends a number of its contracted players to compete in a WCT tournament in Johannesburg. Will Tanzania and other African nations now be consistent and boycott all U.S. teams because Arthur Ashe competes in South Africa?

Rather poignantly, the remarks of New Zealand's Holley and those of Filbert Bayi were of a kind. Said Holley, "I think Tanzania and the other African nations have failed to consider the athletes, like Bayi, who have trained so hard for years for these Games."

In Dar es Salaam, Bayi, obviously distressed, said, "Four years of training have gone for nothing." Then, circumspect, he added quickly, "But the government had to do what it did."

The other athletes were disappointed, to be sure, but they went about their

continued

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A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL. A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.

training, secure in their youth that foolish old men would not keep them all from competing. Often as not, the talk was less of global issues and more of their creature comforts.

The Montreal Olympic Village, which is really the Olympic High Rise—19 stories of neo-Nebuchadnezzar—is conveniently located only a couple of blocks from the stadium complex, but it hardly provides the luxury accommodations of Munich. Toilets promise to be a constant topic of conversation, which toilets always are only when there are not enough of them. There are not enough. One apartment, jammed with a dozen American girls, has only one bathroom—one toilet, one washbasin, one shower/tub. There was general speculation that this crowding might benefit the athletes of the poorer countries, who are not so accustomed to such luxuries as private plumbing.

But the quarters are certainly not unagreeable. For the first time, they are air conditioned, each apartment has a color TV set, and each competitor his own locked trunk. Not surprisingly for such a gourmet city as the Paris of North America, the Olympians' food—especially the salmon—has been praised extravagantly. Let's keep politics out of food.

It would have been easy for the U.S. to bivouac its team just over the border in Plattsburg and run in the competitors like relief pitchers from the bullpen, but the American officials felt it unfair to deny our athletes the rare Olympic experience. Alas, the High Rise appears about as international as a spring weekend at Iowa State. The competitors are almost indistinguishable, dressing virtually exclusively in track suits, jeans and bathing suits.

All these handsome young people look and act so much alike that local Canadian ethnic groups, in the quaint native dress of their forefathers, must be brought to the Olympic High Rise to international the place up. The other day, when a Hungarian dance troupe was trucked in from the suburbs, Japanese photographers were tripping all over the real international athletes in their universal attire to take pictures of the Quebec ringers.

But overlaying the High Rise, the playing venues and downtown is the social smog known euphemistically as "supervision." Security. Or, let us be honest: the 21st modern Olympiad, Operation

continued

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DARK CLOUDS *continued*

Alpha to the Mounties, is a little police state. There are many more soldiers and cops—16,000—than athletes, and while London sprang for less than $5,000 in security costs in 1908, the price tag here for keeping the athletes alive will exceed $100 million.

If it costs so much for the world to safely amuse itself with "Games," can it possibly be worth it? In Bromont, 45 miles from Montreal, where most of the equestrian events will be held, the townspeople, some of whom refer to themselves as "prisoners," must wear photo ID cards about their necks in order to gain the privilege of walking down their own streets. One Olympic official, delivering an urgent message to the Argentinian team there, was accosted for parking in an unauthorized spot, and because he was unable to explain himself in French was beaten and had his arms roughly twisted by the police who accosted him. The sympathetic response from a police spokesman was that the gentleman was lucky that the incident did not happen during the Games, as then "he could have been shot."

In Montreal, at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, where the bigwigs are sequestered, luggage is searched, and all visitors must enter through metal detectors; sometimes they are frisked as well. Sentries toting semi-automatic weapons abound at important sites, and here and there guard dogs prowl, sniffing for explosives. Montreal is an armed camp; Canada is split at home, insulted abroad. The Olympics are making it possible for countries around the world to talk of hate, and to work out four years of aggressions. Said New Zealand's Bill Holley, "I think one thing is certain: we are no longer competing to make friends."

At least one man still puts on a happy face: Mayor Jean Drapeau, the bold little dreamer who brought the Games to Montreal as the ultimate tribute to his beloved city. The mayor still talks about Baron Pierre de Coubertin and his original Olympic ideals. "The Olympic flame will be kept burning in Montreal," Drapeau says, his eyes twinkling, as the sunlight streams into his office *salon*. "The Olympics don't close on Aug. 1. Oh, the competition does, but I did not dedicate 13 years of my life to two weeks of competition. The spirit of the Olympics will stay with us, stay with Montreal, stay with Quebec, stay with Canada."

God help them all if it does. **END**

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FLAME IN THE WIND

BY KENNY MOORE



The author, who finished fourth in the 1972 Olympic marathon at Munich, admits that the Games are imperfect but, in a personal reminiscence, finds assurance that despite the thorns they are worth continuing



They are certainly flawed, these modern Olympic Games. If it is their ideal to bring together the finest athletes on the planet, to create the toughest possible competition, then their structure and rules are peculiar indeed. There is that nettlesome distinction between eligible amateurs and prohibited professionals, a vestige of 19th-century class discrimination that either makes hypocrites of Olympians or keeps them pure—pick one. Selection of athletes by country guarantees some of the best will stay home, and some of the worst will take part, as well as allows governments to freight athletes with the political burdens that have so troubled these Games. The International Olympic Committee itself, an autocratic body that carefully chooses its own succession, seems unable or unwilling to come to grips with the Games' problems of growth and expense. The last bastion of *noblesse oblige* (17 of its 76 members are titled), the IOC has grown irresponsible, blithely skimming its operating funds from television's millions while requiring little in the way of cost control from Montreal's organizers, who now are more than $1 billion over budget.

The dream of many Western athletes—an open Olympics run by the athletes themselves or by administrators of their choosing—cannot supplant the IOC's spectacle without support from the Communist nations, which are satisfied with things as they are. Thus major improvements seem far away, and each Olympic experience will remain almost entirely unpredictable, defined as much by its accident of participants, spectators and locale as by official intent. Beneath the patronizing umbrella of the IOC, the Games are varied and ambiguous, striking each participant or spectator differently, providing each with memorable moments from their maelstrom of beauty and pain, courage and disappointment.

The Olympics then are an imperfect, threatened preserve, but with such chances, such opportunities that one is compelled to return, even after witnessing Munich's horror. William Exum, the head manager of the 1976 U.S. track team, says, "I believe the greater the joys of competition, the more those in the upper echelon of officials can be forgotten. Let us keep our attention on the sense of what we are attempting."

Even that spans all categories. The carnival of Olympic athletes—that unwieldy mixture of thick, scarred wrestlers, soaring basketball players and dainty, precise gymnasts—is not a microcosm so much as a selection of deviates, prodigies illustrating the diverse ultimates in human development. Some never seem to distance themselves from the obsession that has brought them to the Games. A weight lifter, perhaps, sees his performance as far more than the display of a skill; it is a way of life, an embodiment of a driving vision of power. Some, those haunted by the necessity to win, never understand that upon waking the morning after the contest we are all equal again.

When I was an Olympian, as my event—the marathon—approached, I prayed only to do my best, feeling that to hope for victory when there were 42 kilometers of rough road to cover was somehow presumptuous.' I realize now that I was freed by this, that driving to the limit with a full appreciation of the odds against winning allowed me entry into a splendid region, filled with wonderful performers, at peace even as we ran. When Frank Shorter won our race in Munich, he did not throw his hands skyward at first, but clasped them to his head, saying to himself, "My God, what have I done?"

In Mexico City in 1968 the IOC ruled that only five athletes from each country could march in the closing ceremonies. As this seemed proof that the IOC had ceased to understand even Olympic founder Baron de Coubertin's creed that the important thing is not winning but taking part, the ostracized athletes, upon discovering a section of the stadium moat unprotected by steel spikes, determined to crash the festivities. Mexican soldiers filled the moat, but were wedged aside by the New Zealand and Harvard rowers, who held them at bay with cries of Thermopylae Pass while the rest of us leaped down and helped each other scramble up to the field. Suddenly waves of Mexican security men broke upon us, burly mustached troops disguised as Boy Scouts, swinging long poles. I was caught by two of the police and carried back in the direction of the moat. I struggled free, my clothes torn, one shoe ripped away, and ran for the infield. There the official delegation from one of the African nations—tall men in flowing white robes—parted and stood with their arms raised, tents waiting to receive me. As I reached them I was wrapped in a warm sweetness among swirling gowns and great dark bodies. That was Olympic sanctuary. Let us pray it is recoverable.

CONTINUED




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READY OR NOT, HERE THEY COME

Markedly improved overall, the U.S. men's team has an excellent chance to win 16 of the 23 track and field events at Montreal

BY KENNY MOORE

As a lens can scorch a page with sunlight, so the Olympics focus the world's good wishes into killing pressure. Experienced competitors like George Woods, twice a silver medalist in the shot, speak of the mysterious discoveries occasioned by Olympic stress: "It is amazing how you can have performed this relatively simple set of movements hundreds of thousands of times, and you get to the Olympics and it feels wrong." There is amusement in Woods' tone, a wry acceptance that perhaps explains why he is back for a third try. "In the Olympics, in this event, it's not who rises to the occasion the best, but who crumbles the least. It's the guy who stands up under the weight of it."

Woods bases his predictions for Montreal upon this hard reality. "The man who relies on raw strength, not intricate technique, will drop less in the pressure of the Games. If you're nervous, you can't fix things. The East Germans—and the Soviets' Alexander Baryshnikov [who set a world record of 72′ 2¼″ last week]—all have a lot of technique that really has to click. So does Al Feuerbach. I pick the toughest guy in any competition and concentrate on beating him. In Montreal I'll be concentrating on Geoff Capes of Great Britain. He's big [6′ 6″, 310], strong, with leverage. In fact, he's similar to Wladyslaw Komar of Poland whom nobody expected to do much in 1972. Komar won, and the lesson is keep your eye on these big strong guys."

Woods is one of the American men who are serious contenders for gold medals in 16 of the 23 track and field events. Especially improved are those in the field; there are potential U.S. winners in the discus, pole vault, high jump and shotput, all events won by Eastern Europeans in 1972, as well as in the long jump where Arnie Robinson could well replace Randy Williams as the gold medalist. Mac Wilkins, the new world record holder in the discus (232′ 6″) has won 16 of 17 meets this year, losing only to Wolfgang Schmidt of East Germany, who no doubt will mention that signal occasion when Wilkins steps into the ring in Montreal. Earl Bell and Dave Roberts genteelly have exchanged poles and the vault record (Roberts has it now, at 18′ 8¼″) and excel under pressure. They'll have to, because they face the vaulting Poles, Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz and Tadeusz Slusarski, both of whom cleared 18′ 5¼″ this year.

Dwight Stones is a sound choice in the high jump, endangered as much by teammate Bill Jankunis—who beat him in the Trials with a 7′ 5¾″—as by Sergey Senyukov of the Soviet Union (7′ 5″) and two Canadian 7′ 4½″ jumpers with up and down names, Greg Joy and Robert Forget.

In the decathlon, Bruce Jenner will surely join in a glorious struggle with Russia's Nikolay Avilov, with a world record certain to go to the victor. And the young American sprinters, Harvey Glance and Millard Hampton, eager and loose, may well surprise Valery Borzov, although Jamaica's Don Quarrie is another matter.

The 400-meter hurdles is an event which has seen remarkable performances in the last two Olympics—and it's due for another. Uganda's John Akii-Bua defends the title he won in Munich with a world record 47.82, but the U.S. sends a man of staggering talent. Edwin Moses, a junior at Morehouse in Atlanta, in his first serious year at the event, has become the only man in recent times to keep 13 strides between hurdles the whole way. When he reaches the second turn and everyone else changes to 14 or 15, Moses rolls on by. He has already set an American record of 48.30.

American women have chances in the sprints with Brenda Morehead and young Chandra Cheeseborough, and placid Kathy Schmidt is the co-favorite in the javelin with East Germany's Ruth Fuchs. But when it comes to the heavier implements, this country must experience a profound change in its view of what constitutes femininity before its women can become truly competitive. Faina

Wilkins in the discus, Jenner in the decathlon, Woods in the shotput, Glance in the 100 are good bets for gold

continued

Myelnik of the U.S.S.R. has thrown the discus a world record 231′ 3″ this year. The American best is 185′ 3″. Ivanka Khristova of Bulgaria has put the shot 71′ 9¾″ and will duel with East Germany's Marianne Adam (71′ 1¼″). The American record is 56′ 7″. Similarly, Eastern Europe's female runners have increased their margins of superiority. Tatyana Kazankina of Russia is fresh from becoming the first woman under four minutes in the 1,500 (her 3:56.0 is the equivalent of a 4:15 mile) and teammate Valentina Gerasimova has a second and a half on the world in the 800 with her 1:56.0.

In the jumps, two Americans have hopes. Kathy McMillan stands third in the world this year with her 22′ 3″ but is capable of popping a 23-footer. East German Sigrun Siegl's new world record is 22′ 11¼″. High jumper Joni Huntley, a superb performer in major competition, has a best of 6′ 2¾″. East German Rosie Ackermann has done 6′ 5″. That, too, is the world record.

The best American middle distance runner is Rick Wohlhuter, a precise and careful man, thorough in his Olympic planning, who will double in the 800 and the 1,500. The 800, his best event, is the shortest race in which tactics are a factor, so Wohlhuter has a book on his main challengers. "Luciano Susanj of Yugoslavia and Ivo Van Damme of Belgium both close quickly with 200 or less to go," he says. "It's plain strategy. Mike Boit of Kenya . . . I'm not so sure he has a strategy." Generally, the leggy, gap-toothed African sets a searing pace. "I will tend to follow that," says Wohlhuter, "but move earlier than Susanj or Van Damme, relying more on strength than speed."

Wohlhuter is also the world record holder for the kilometer (2:13.9), and, indeed, it seems his ideal distance is somewhere between 800 and 1,500 meters, perhaps three-quarters of a mile. "I thought I was running a record three-quarters in the Trials," he says, recalling that remarkable 1,500 which saw Ohio State's crazy-brave Tom Byers drive through the first half mile in 1:51.3 with Oregon's Matt Centrowitz and Wohlhuter giving chase in 1:52.8 and 1:52.9. When Byers, discovering he was not yet Filbert Bayi, began to stagger, Centrowitz took over through three quarters in 2:52.3, world record pace with only 300 meters to run. "The clock didn't make much sense to me," said Centrowitz later. "I'd never seen those numbers before." Yet Wohlhuter won in 3:36.5, solid time but more than four seconds above Bayi's world record of 3:32.2. "We didn't finish very strong," he said afterward, "but in the Olympics you give it everything you've got.

"That race isn't as automatic as the 800," he adds. "There is a little anxiety, a little self-doubt, but it's there for everybody. The best man doesn't always win. Knowing that, it gives you hope."

Hope is a prime requirement for any opponent of John Walker. Witness Walker's new world record at 2,000 meters: 4:51.4. That time is perhaps best grasped as running a 3:54.5 mile (once Herb Elliott's world record) and then continuing on for another lap at the same pace.

In Munich, because of the postponement for the murdered Israelis' memorial services, Frank Shorter had an extra 24 hours' rest between the 10,000, in which he was fifth, and the marathon, which he won. He does not expect such a terrible day of grace in Montreal, so has withdrawn from the 10,000.

"I've been thinking about it for a year," he says. "I decided that as hard and hot as it could be, the chance of medaling in the 10 isn't worth jeopardizing the marathon. Thirty-eight miles of racing [counting the heats in the 10,000] in eight days . . . I'd have to have equal chances in both to do that, and looking at those big kickers, I don't."

Shorter, until now, has played the two races against each other, saying in marathons that he was a six-miler, maintaining in 10,000s that he was a marathoner, thus minimizing the pressure in both. Now, however, the Olympics have forced him to choose, and for the first time he speaks of the marathon almost with relish. "I think I'm going to run a lot harder this time than last. I really want to burn one." The world's fastest marathon, 2:08:33.6, was run by Australia's Derek Clayton in 1969. The late Abebe Bikila's Olympic record is 2:12:11.2. When it is mentioned to Shorter that a pace of 4:48 per mile will result in a 2:05:50, he nods in unsurprised agreement. One fears for his opponents.

The 10,000 Shorter has abandoned contains all the principals of the 1972 race, won by Finland's Lasse Viren in a then-world record, which he accomplished dispite a hard fall midway. Mohamed Gamoudi of Tunisia, who was knocked unconscious in that collision but came back to take the silver medal in the 5,000, enters his fourth Olympics. Emiel Puttemans of Belgium and Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia, the second and third placers four years ago, are back, and worried about two ex-milers, Dick Quax of New Zealand and Brendan Foster of Great Britain—men who guarantee with the threat of their finishing speed that the pace will be fast. Setting much of it will be Holland's Jos Hermens, the world record holder at 20,000 meters. After the terror in Munich, Hermens walked out of the Olympic Village without competing. He has mellowed little. U.S. entrants Craig Virgin and Garry Bjorklund can make the final.

The 5,000 field will be headed by whoever wins the 10,000—plus the engaging Rod Dixon, third in the 1972 1,500, who has rashly promised to win this event as part of a gold medal sweep of the 1,500-5,000-10,000 by New Zealanders: Walker, himself and Quax. Dick Buerkle will probably have to break Steve Prefontaine's American record to stay close. The surprise of the U.S. distance team is Duncan Macdonald, a sub-four miler when an undergraduate at Stanford, more recently a marathoner. Unaccountably, he had never tried the distances in between until this year, when he sneaked into a 5,000 two weeks before the Trials and ran a qualifying time, then beat everyone but Buerkle to make the team. A third-year medical student at the University of Hawaii, Macdonald was accosted by a friend in Honolulu. "I saw your race on TV and read about it in the papers," he said. "How on earth do you find time to train?"

"I don't watch TV and I don't read the paper," said Macdonald.

One favorite in the 400-meter dash is Fred Newhouse, 27, an electrical engineer at an Exxon refinery in Baton Rouge. Newhouse's Olympic adventure was delayed for four years when he ran the first 200 of the 1972 Olympic Trials 400 as a man possessed. "I choose not to believe it was the 20.3 a lot of people said," he says now. "Maybe 20.8. But it was a painful error. I had too much adrenaline. I lost control." In the homestretch, adrenaline gave way to lactic

acid, Newhouse faded from first to seventh, and thence to his long wait. "And I learned a lot about the quarter," he says, "about the quarter under pressure. People talk about the bear, the way it climbs your back off the last turn. I believe some of that is mental. If you're *expecting* to get tired off that turn, you *get* tired there. The thing is to run relaxed and strong through the third 100, establish a position on the turn, then down that stretch you *maintain*. Nobody is going to speed up. The winner is the guy who slows down the least."

Perhaps because of this necessity for inner calm, 400-meter runners pay less attention to opponents than do, say, 100-meter dashmen. "The 100 is a tedious race," says Newhouse with some force. "There is no room for error, so guys work on each other, you get all the preening and psyching. In the 400 you have to concentrate on your own race. Oh, Dave Jenkins of Britain [the 1975 AAU winner in 44.93] and Alberto Juantorena of Cuba will be good, and Maxie Parks is as steady as anyone, but worrying what some other guy is going to do is a waste of energy in the quarter. Really, if it weren't for the last 110 when we're all together, you could run it like a ski race—let each guy run alone and then compare times."

Having adopted these lessons, Newhouse ran a controlled race in this year's Trials, looked neither left nor right in the stretch, finished and awaited the results. "I was in that famous position that quartermilers take after a race," he says, "somewhere between prayerful and sick, and a man came up and said, 'Parks won. I think you're second.'

"It hit me and I started to straighten up.

" 'Don't get happy too fast,' he said. 'I'm not sure.' I crouched back down.

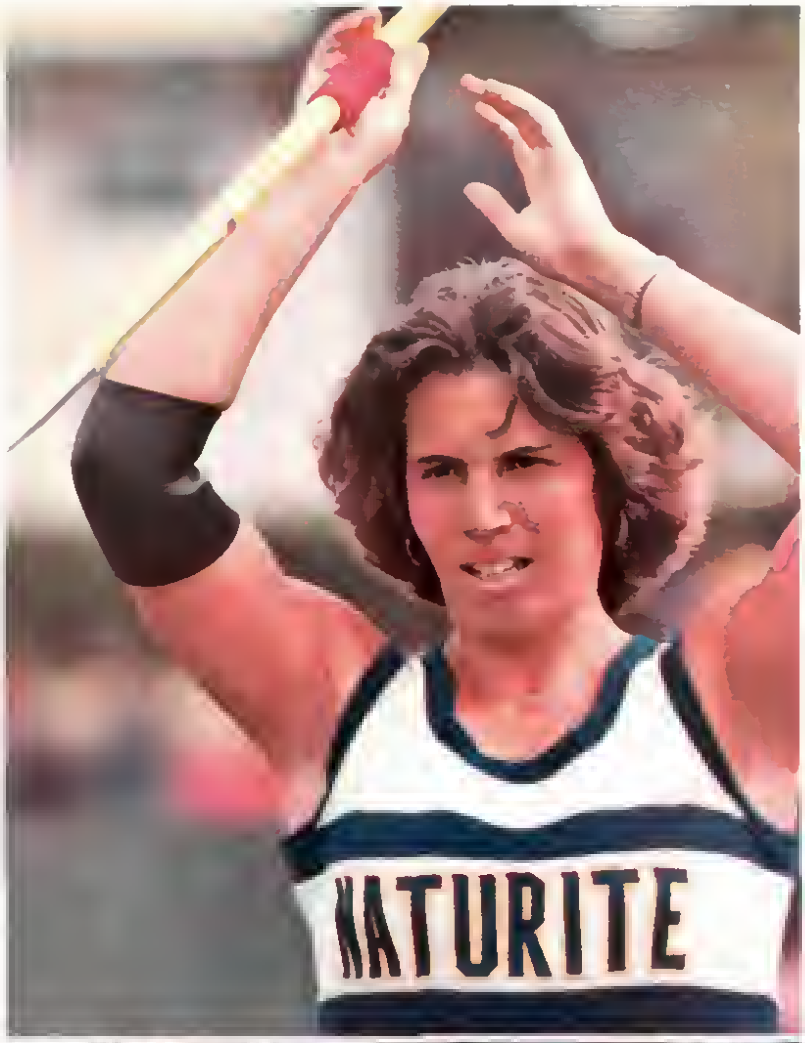
" 'Yeah, I think you're second.' I started to grin and grin.

" 'Just wait. Just wait.' I wiped it off.

"Then: 'It's official, you're second.' " Newhouse beams again as he recalls it.

"That made eight years all worthwhile. The pressure was off then, but it's building now, as I realize the seriousness of this, the biggest potato of all. I know I'll have it. That adrenaline, that sweet tension. And this time, I'll use it right."

CONTINUED





U.S. women should score when Schmidt throws her javelin, while Newhouse may surprise everyone in the 400-meter dash









GUARANTEED TO MAKE WAVES

In swimming it figures to be the powerful U.S. men's squad matching medals and records with an awesome team of East German women

BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

The last time Americans sent an expeditionary force to Montreal was on Nov. 13, 1775, when Continental Army troops under General Richard Montgomery began a seven-month occupation of the city. It is of historical interest, then, that the U.S. Olympic swimming squad now invading the Canadian city includes Indiana University star Jim Montgomery, a freestyler who may be able to trace his lineage to the 18th-century general. "My grandmother says we had an ancestor in the Revolutionary War," Montgomery relates uncertainly. "But I always thought he was only a lieutenant colonel or something."

Whatever Montgomery's pedigree, he and the other U.S men swimmers appear ready to conquer Montreal all over again Montgomery will swim four events at the Games, with gold medals a virtual cinch in the two men's relays and merely probable in the 100-meter freestyle, in which he holds the world record of 50.59. At that, Montgomery may be less busy than backstroker-freestyler John Naber, who could compete in as many as five events and bring home gold in, among others, the 200 back, which he swam at the U.S. Trials at Long Beach, Calif. in a world-record 2:00.64. However, neither Montgomery nor Naber figures to be all-conquering The two meet head on in the 200 free, and in that event both will be underdogs to USC's Bruce Furniss, whose best clocking is 1:50.32—another world record, naturally.

Given the obvious possibilities for strife on Coach James (Doc) Counsilman's U.S. men's team—Americans hold world records in 10 of the 13 men's Olympic events—it is reassuring that Montgomery is able to say, "The guys aren't into hate psychology—we're all pulling for each other." With the once-mighty U.S. women in danger of being swamped by their East German rivals, it will be largely up to the men to uphold the honor of American swimming. In Munich swimmers accounted for 17 of the 33 golds won by the U.S.

Swimmers of other nations will be doing their best to keep the Olympics from resembling the AAU championships. One American facing stiff foreign opposition is John Hencken, a Stanford engineering major who at the men's training camp in Canton, Ohio lived up to his nickname of "Rocket Man" by filling the sky with a daily barrage of miniature solid-fuel missiles. Hencken won the 200-meter breaststroke at Munich and now holds world records in the 100 as well as the 200, but at Montreal he will be challenged by Great Britain's David Wilkie and Japan's Nobutaka Taguchi, the come-from-behind winner in the 100 in '72. The 25-year-old Taguchi claims to have become more of a take-charge swimmer, warning with great formality, "I'm sure Mr Hencken is going to be surprised to see this new style of mine."

Other potential Olympic standouts include Hungarians Zoltan Verraszto and Andras Hargitay, current and past world-record holders in the 400-meter individual medley, and such Canadian hopefuls as veteran butterflyer Bruce Robertson, USC-bound backstroker Steve Pickell and 17-year-old breaststroker-medleyist Graham Smith, any of whom could give the home folks in the 9,000-seat Montreal pool something to cheer about. The U.S. men are particularly strong in freestyle—medal sweeps are possible in both the 200 and 400—but Montgomery and countrymen Joe Bottom and Jack Babashoff must be wary in the 100 of Russia's '72 bronze medal winner Vladimir Bure. Now 26, Bure startled his Soviet teammates during a recent workout by continuing to swim on while literally screaming with pain from leg cramps.

It is East Germany, though, that has the best chance of upstaging the Americans. That country's 23-member squad (vs. the U.S.' 51) is led by Roland Matthes and Kornelia Ender, whose recently announced engagement will titillate geneticists everywhere: they have in common dimpled chins, stately bearings and a grand total of 43 world records. Matthes, now 25, won the 100 and 200 backstrokes

continued

US freestyle favorites Brian Goodell and Jim Montgomery (left), back-free star John Naber (right) and Karen Thornton

at both Mexico City and Munich but has suffered a rash of recent illnesses that, he says, "gave me the little break from training I needed." Matthes has apparently been passed up in the 200 by the likes of Naber, Verraszto and the U.S.' Peter Rocca, all of whom are younger, but he should be in the thick of things in the 100.

The GDR women will be in the thick of it everywhere. They hold world records in 12 of 13 Olympic events, much of this havoc being wrought by the 17-year-old Ender. Powerful off the blocks and explosive on turns, the 5'11", 170-pound star will enter at least five events at Montreal: the 100 and 200 free, the 100 butterfly and both women's relays; she may also swim in a sixth, the 100 backstroke. While her rivals ritually shave body hair to make themselves slicker in the water, Ender has never bothered to do so. This gives her a psychological weapon that she is brandishing skillfully. "Shaving is *Quatsch* [nonsense]," she said at the recent GDR championships. Then, slyly, she added, "But I might just shave in Montreal."

Unintimidated by either Ender or her poised razor, U.S. Women's Coach Jack Nelson insists bravely, "We can't afford to get discouraged—we can beat the East Germans." Nelson's hopefuls include UCLA grad Karen Thornton, who won the 200 butterfly at Munich as Karen Moe. Now married, she came out of retirement to win the Trials in an American record of 2:14.23, and, at 23, is the oldest woman on the U.S. team. Thornton now faces, neatly enough, the GDR's oldest woman, 20-year-old Rosemarie Kother Gabriel, who holds the world record of 2:11.22. Gabriel, referred to as "Grandmother" by her teammates, is married, too, her wedding took place last year in the people's swimming center in Luckenwalde, after which newlyweds and guests all went for a dip.

The best American hope for stemming the East German tide remains 19-year-old Shirley Babashoff, holder of the only women's world record not in GDR hands. At the women's training camp at West Point the broad-shouldered Babashoff cut a menacing figure as she splashed through the water clad in two swimsuits, goggles, bathing cap and hand paddles; when she drew near them, the other American women respectfully scattered. Babashoff's five individual events at Montreal include every freestyle distance from 100 to 800 meters and, because she also qualified in the 400 individual medley, every stroke as well. "I like to keep busy," she says of her demanding program. "Otherwise I start losing momentum."

Babashoff's brightest prospects for gold are in the freestyle events beyond 100 meters. In the 200 she will be out to upset world-record holder Ender, just as she did at last year's world championships in Cali, Colombia, when the East German built a huge lead only to be touched out by the onrushing Babashoff. Spooked by that loss, Ender still frets. "My biggest weakness is that I have a bad sense of pace." East Germany's Barbara Krause, who broke Babashoff's world record in the 400 free last month, is out of the Olympics with a throat inflammation, and it is difficult to imagine anyone beating the American star in this event. The 800 is the race in which Babashoff now owns the world record, her 8:39.63 at the Trials making her the third woman in three weeks to have the mark in her possession. The others were Australia's Jenny Turrall and the GDR's Petra Thümer, and the showdown among these three at Montreal could be marred only by the fact that Turrall is a good 10 pounds over her normal weight of 117.

"We persuaded Jenny's mother to cook less fattening foods," sighs Forbes Carlile, Turrall's coach. "Everybody in the family lost weight except Jenny."

In the men's distance races, the one to beat will be 17-year-old Brian Goodell, who at the Trials broke fellow Californian Tim Shaw's world record in the 400 free and Australian Steve Holland's in the 1,500. Shaw, who also made the U.S. team, is recovered from anemia, setting up a rematch with Goodell in the 400. The 1,500 pits Goodell, whose record is 15:06.66, and U.S. teammates Bobby Hackett and Paul Hartloff against Holland. There are expectations that the world record, which dropped below 17 minutes in 1964 and 16 minutes in 1972, is now ready to go under the 15-minute mark.

Confined as they are to lanes, swimmers cannot offer the kind of pack racing that may take place on a running track, but the jockeying should be intriguing just the same. The 16-year-old Hackett, a senior at Fordham Prep in the Bronx, likes to play rabbit, and so does the Stanford-bound Hartloff. Holland, blessed with the rapid-fire stroke typical of Australians, is given to crushing foes at around 800 meters. As for Goodell, he has the most raw speed and is known for swift finishes. Holland, who trained alongside Goodell for a while last year at the latter's home club of Mission Viejo, dismisses talk of world records, insisting, "All I want is the gold." Maybe so, but anticipating a sub-15-minute 1,500 is almost irresistible.

Another historic quest in the Olympic pool will involve diving rather than swimming. This is the bid by 16-year-old California schoolboy Greg Louganis, the sport's new sensation, to become the first man in 48 years to win golds in both three-meter and platform events. The slight, mild-mannered Louganis, of Samoan ancestry but adopted as an infant by a Greek-American couple, won both events at the U.S. Trials. Louganis arches his takeoffs high above the board, "rips" his entries with nary a splash and is so proficient in between that some experts insist he is about to dethrone Italy's 28-year-old Klaus Dibiasi, gold medalist in the platform in the last two Olympics. Anybody who suggests that Louganis' chances might be better in 1980 will hear from his coach, Dr. Sammy Lee. "To hell with that," snaps Lee, himself a two-time Olympic platform champion. "I might not be here in 1980. Greg's going to do it now."

One man who will have to do it now, if ever, is Gary Hall, who, with Mark Spitz, was co-captain of the Indiana swim team. While Spitz was winning his seven golds at Munich, an overtrained and overwrought Hall finished out of the medals in the 200 and 400 IM, both of which he was favored to win. The 24-year-old Hall has acquired a wife and son and is in his third year of medical school, but he remains sufficiently haunted by his '72 disappointment to have tried out for the U.S. team in the 100 butterfly, Spitz' best event. And he remains sufficiently talented to have made it.

Now Hall has another shot at Olympic gold. "It would have been hard to live with myself if I hadn't at least tried," he says. Hall's mission at Montreal may not be as ambitious as those of the Montgomerys, Nabers, Enders and Babashoffs. It is, obviously, every bit as serious.

CONTINUED

Stress can rob you of vitamins



How stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble B and C vitamins. Stress can upset your body's equilibrium. When it does you may need to replace the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. Unlike the fat-soluble vitamins, your body doesn't stockpile these essential nutrients. During times of continued stress—when you may be affected in many ways—your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide.

What may cause stress. If the diet is inadequate, severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any one of these conditions may create stress and may cause water-soluble vitamin depletion.

Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 has a single purpose: to help you correct a water soluble vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg. of Vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS 600 can help restore water-soluble vitamin losses and help maintain good nutritional balance. STRESSTABS 600 satisfies your body's above-normal water soluble vitamin requirements by providing above normal quantities of these vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of natural Vitamin E.

Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600. Ask your doctor and pharmacist what they think of this different brand of vitamin. Available, without a prescription, at your drug store in bottles of 60 tablets or trial bottles of 30.

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780-6

NO TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS

For the most part, the Olympic athletes you are about to see do not know each other, nor are they ever likely to. Which is a shame. Surely the West German hammer thrower would enjoy hoisting a few beers with the wrestler from Great Britain. But the Games are so vast—9,200 competitors—time so short and competition so intense that there is little time for social interchange. When the judoist returns to South Korea, he can tell his mother of his accomplishments and disappointments, but chances are he will not have seen New Zealand's crew, Cuba's heavyweight boxer or the bearded Swedish fencer. For that he will have to take a look at the next 11 pages.

Even if Seoul's Chang Eun Kyung fails to win a medal in the judo lightweight class, he'll always be tops with Mama


KOREA





The time is ripe for kayaker Geza Csapo of Szeged, Hungary to pick up medals in both the 500- and 1,000-meter singles

East German swimmers Roland Matthes and Kornelia Ender are smiling because they are record holders and engaged

Since Cuban heavyweight boxer Teofilo Stevenson was a knockout in Munich, he is favored to repeat as winner, handily.

Freestyle wrestler Maurice Allan is the big gun of Great Britain's team and has a shot at a light-heavyweight medal, reportedly


SV-DYNAMO



Mexican marksman Olegario Vazquez Raña will keep plugging in shooting events and not take defeat lying down.

Last year Walter Schmidt of West Germany threw the hammer 260′2″, which broke the world record by three pints.

Aussie freestyler Jenny Turrall doesn't let Olympic tension worry her. She'll cross that bridge when she comes to it.











New Zealand's eight, which took the gold in 1972, has put in long hours of practice on Lake Kerapiro south of Auckland, and figures that another victory would not be a stroke of luck.







Although Jamaica's Don Quarrie holds a world 200-metar racord at 198, in this hometown field he is meraly an also-ran.

Niels Fredborg, who was a gold medal winner in 1972, is not only Denmark's best cyclist, ha would seem to be its only one.

A secratary in a steelworks in Ostrava, Czechoslovakia, Halana Fibingerova has a burning desira to triumph in tha shotput.

Not nearly as swift as her friand, Alica Annum of Ghana nonethalass hopes to do well in the 100- and 200-meter dashes.





Confident of winning a medal, Finland's Seppo Hovinen threw his javelin 306′10″ four weeks ago to emphasize the point

Épées and eels interest Rolf Edling of Sweden, who plans to earn a gold in the former and write his thesis on the latter







Shotputter Geoff Capes of Great Britain has recorded a toss of 70′8½″, but not with his 2-year-old daughter Emma Jane

Poland's Irena Szewinska, wife and mother, is no joke as a runner, holding the world records in the 200 and the 400 meters




PRO-PI

CANADA IS HIGH ON DEBBIE

Canada's best high jumper, the willowy figure floating over the bar at left, is 23-year-old Debbie Brill from Aldergrove, B.C. She is one of her nation's brightest hopes for a track and field medal, and by rights she should be suffering under enormous pressure. If she were to win, it would be the first individual gold medal for a Canadian female since Ethel Catherwood cleared 5'3" in 1928 in Amsterdam. The last gold medal *any* Canadian won in track and field was Duncan McNaughton's in the high jump in 1932. And at the Munich Games the Canadian track team failed to win a single medal of any description. In view of this bleak history it is not difficult to imagine how much Canada, the host, would like Debbie Brill to win. Or place or show, for that matter.

However, Debbie Brill remains remarkably calm. She has been a world-class high jumper since she was 16 and she has been through it before. "The pressure is there, but you can avoid it," she said a few weeks ago as she dropped ice cubes into a jar of cranberry juice. She stood in the kitchen of a borrowed house high in the hills above Santa Barbara, Calif., where she has been living, training and avoiding pressure for the last six months. The day was hot and the cranberry juice was for her daily workout that was soon to begin on the training track of the University of California at Santa Barbara, down the hill near the ocean.

Under the concerned eye of her coach, Lionel Pugh, a stocky, redheaded man in his 50s who has headed the national teams of both Great Britain and Canada, the 5'9½", graceful, brown-eyed Brill has been running, sprinting, bounding, hopping, lifting and above all jumping, in sunshine, peace and privacy, since January. Her Southern California sojourn has given her a deep tan, and the weights and the bounding have made her thighs positively pneumatic.

"It's the kind of training I've wanted to do for a long time," said Brill. "Before, I didn't train, I just jumped. This kind, grinding it in, makes good consistent jumping."

Debbie Brill is a country girl who grew up in the tiny farming communities of the Fraser River Valley east of Vancouver, at times attending schools too small to field a team for a game of anything. Running, jumping and hurdling were logical alternatives. Jumping, especially, came easy to her, and she gradually evolved her own technique, a sort of lateral backward bending over the bar. On her first trip abroad with a national team at the age of 15 she was nearly laughed out of an Oslo stadium when 8,000 Norwegians got their first look at the Brill Bend. Later that year, in Mexico City, Dick Fosbury flopped his way to a gold medal and the laughter died.

When Brill was 16, she became the first female in the Western Hemisphere to clear six feet. But by the time she was 18, everything had gone haywire. Feeling out of sync with herself, her sport and life in general, she dropped out of the University of British Columbia after three months and out of training for most of the next 2½ years. "I hated track," she says. "I didn't understand it or myself. I couldn't handle the pressures. When people said, 'Oh, aren't you Debbie Brill?' it freaked me out. I felt I was losing touch with everyday people. I felt I was too much a jock and not enough a person."

At virtually the last moment—April, 1972—she decided she wanted to go to Munich after all, "only because I couldn't think what else to do." She went back into training for a few months, made the Canadian team, and although she was in good enough shape to jump 6'1¼" in London a few weeks before the Games, she fared poorly in Munich, finishing eighth at 5'11½". "I went through it, but I wasn't part of it," she says now. "I kept watching all those people and wondering, 'What am I doing here?' "

The Munich experience only made things worse, and this time she quit, seemingly for good. She began traveling here and there in the States and British Columbia, working when she had to and, as she puts it, "just living a sort of life, trying to learn a lot of things." She lived on a subsistence farm near Vanderhoof in central British Columbia, she washed dishes in a hotel in Boston Bar in the Fraser River Canyon, and she worked at the conveyor belt of a produce cannery in Maple Ridge ("There were women there who'd been there for 30 years!").

Finally, in the fall of 1974, now enrolled at the University of Victoria, she lived in a tent on Vancouver Island, cooking over an open fire and studying math by flashlight. She had not set foot on a track since September 1972, but with two years remaining till Montreal, she was ready to begin again. "It was growing up, I guess," she says. "Things fell into place. I had hated leaving it unfinished, knowing I had never done it properly. Now I was able to approach it the way it should have been done."

For one year she went to classes and worked out on her own. Then, last summer, she turned to her old coach, Pugh, for help. Pugh outlined a series of biomechanical progressions for her to follow and made her realize that she could work much harder. In April, at the Mount Sac Relays in Walnut, Calif., she jumped 6'2¾", her best and the equal of Joni Huntley's American record. The world record, held by Rosemarie Ackermann of East Germany, is still 2½" away.

It is possible that if Brill had not walked out of the arena four years ago Canada would have a better shot than it does at its first track and field gold since 1932. But Debbie at 23 is onto something else. "The goal," she says, "is not a certain height and it's not winning something. It's just doing it right and as well as you can."

SARAH PILEGGI

Brill may not strike gold, but 389 others will. For the favorites in events from archery to yachting, turn page

Who's Going to Win, Place and Show...Maybe

After consulting with leading sports authorities around the world, studying past-performance charts of the athletes and analyzing the relative position of the moon, the writer offers her predictions, which do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the management

by Anita Verschoth

SPORT	TOP THREE	ANALYSIS
TRACK & FIELD MEN 100 METERS	BORZOV USSR LEONARO, CUBA OUARRIE, JAM	Gold for US in both sprints seemed certain until Williams met disaster in Trials with hamstring pull. Glance could fill Williams' shoes in 100, but Borzov, double winner in '72, is ready and more experienced. Leonard has recovered from fall at Pan-Ams. Ouarrie, who went empty-handed at Munich, is tops in 200
200 METERS	OUARRIE, JAM HAMPTON, USA EVANS, USA	
400-METER RELAY	USA USSR CUBA	
400 METERS	JUANTORENA, CU PARKS, USA NEWHOUSE, USA	Juantorena has fastest time this year (44 70) and is undefeated. Parks won in AAUs and Trials. Belgium's Brydenbach is threat for third, but Newhouse should show if he can control his pece. US relay is surest bet in T & F
1,600-METER RELAY	USA KENYA WEST GERMANY	
800 METERS	WOHLHUTER, USA SUSANJ, YUG VAN DAMME, BEL	Unless Tanzenia reconsiders its withdrawal, long-awaited Bayi-Walker 1,500 is off and Walker shoo-in for gold. Otherwise, Bayi's tactical superiority makes him favorite. West Germany's Wessinghage could get a medal
1500 METERS	BAYI, TANZANIA WALKER, N Z BOIT, KENYA	
5,000 METERS	OIXON, N Z VIREN, FINLAND HILDEBRANO, WEST GER	Shorter and Garderud are safest bets for gold. Viren, who won 5 and 10 in '72, could repeat, but New Zealanders are in top shape also. Foster of Britain and Yifter of Ethiopia could collect in either race, while Sellik of USSR is dark horse in 5 and Dutchman Hermens and Tunisian Gemmoudi in 10. If Rodgers can stay with Shorter, marathon may see two US medalists, but Drayton is spurred by home crowd. Gurme of Ethiopia may surprise
10,000 METERS	VIREN, FINLANO LOPES, PORTU OUAX, N Z	
MARATHON	SHORTER, USA ORAYTON, CAN CHETTLE AUSTRALIA	
STEEPLECHASE	GAROERUD, SWE CEFAN, RUMANIA MALINOWSKY POLAND	
20 KM WALK	BAUTISTA, MEX FRENKEL, E GER GOLUBNICHY, USSR	Beutista holds record. Frenkel won it in '72, but Golubnichy, at 40, is still formidable threat
110-METER HURDLES	DRUT, FRANCE FOSTER, USA MUNKELT, E GER	Drut won silver in '72, holds record of 13 0, Foster is slightly subpar with hamstring strain. Davenport of US and Cuba's Casanas are contenders for third. Akii-Bua's injury may hurt his chences for repeating Munich win
400-METER HURDLES	AKII-BUA, UGAN MOSES USA WHEELER, USA	
HIGH JUMP	STONES, USA SENYUKOV, USSR WSZOLA, POLAND	Stones and Roberts bettered world records recently, but both could lose to teammetes Jan-

SPORT	TOP THREE	ANALYSIS
LONG JUMP	ROBINSON, USA STEKIC, YUG PODLUZHNY, USSR	kunis and Bell. Robinson won long jump bronze in '72, and is close to 28 feet. US gold medalist Williams and France's Rousseeu could also medal in this event. In triple jump, Brazil's world record holder de Oliveira is suffering from sciatic nerve problem, and Saneyev seems on way to third straight gold.
TRIPLE JUMP	SANEYEV, USSR JOACHIMOWSKY, POLAND BUTTS USA	
POLE VAULT	BELL USA ROBERTS USA KOZAKIEWICZ, POLAND	
SHOTPUT	CAPES G BRIT WOODS, USA GIES E GER	Olympic shot marks often fall short of expectations as drug testing cuts use of steroids. The favorites have most natural strength. In discus Wilkins broke record four times and is confident though he lost once to Schmidt. Russians and Germans dominate hammer. Hovinen is throwing javelin 305 feet. Teammates Siitonen and Jaakola could complete sweep, but Hungary's Paragi and Nameth may spoil Finns' flings
DISCUS	SCHMIOT, E GER WILKINS, USA KAHMA, FINLAND	
HAMMER	SEDYKH, USSR SCHMIOT, W GER PKHAKADZE, USSR	
JAVELIN	HOVINEN, FIN BIELCZYK, POL SIITONEN, FIN	
DECATHLON	JENNER, USA AVILOV, USSR KRATSCHMER, WEST GER	Jenner has season's top score and finishes strong. Austria's Zeilbauer could surprise
WOMEN 100 METERS	STECHER, E GER HELTEN, W GER BOYLE AUSTRALIA	Stecher won both sprints in '72 and is still toughest to beat, though Helten just broke her 100 record. If Poland's Szewinska switches to 200, she could topple Stecher. Moreheed of US could win medal in either event, but is untested against competition of this caliber. Cuba's Chivas is derk horse in 100
200 METERS	STECHER, E G LANNAMAN, G B RICHTER, W G	
400-METER RELAY	EAST GERMANY WEST GERMANY USSR	
400 METERS	SZEWINSKA, POL BREHMER, E G KOCH, E G	Szewinske and Brehmer, both under 50 seconds, should rece exciting lap. Next two spots are reserved for East Germans, who also dominate relay. US, which won silver in '72 relay, could shine again.
1,600-METER RELAY	EAST GERMANY GREAT BRITAIN WEST GERMANY	
800 METERS	GERASIMOVA, USSR WEISS E G SZTEREVA BUL	Four Russians are fastest here. Gerasimova (1 56 0) and less experienced Styrkina (1 56 7) in 800, and Kazankine (3 56 0) and Katyukova (3 59 8) in 1,500. Jackson of US, who broke 2 minutes at Trials, could medal in 800
1 500 METERS	KAZANKINA, USSR KATYUKOVA, USSR MARACESCU, RU	

CONTINUED

From the mountains



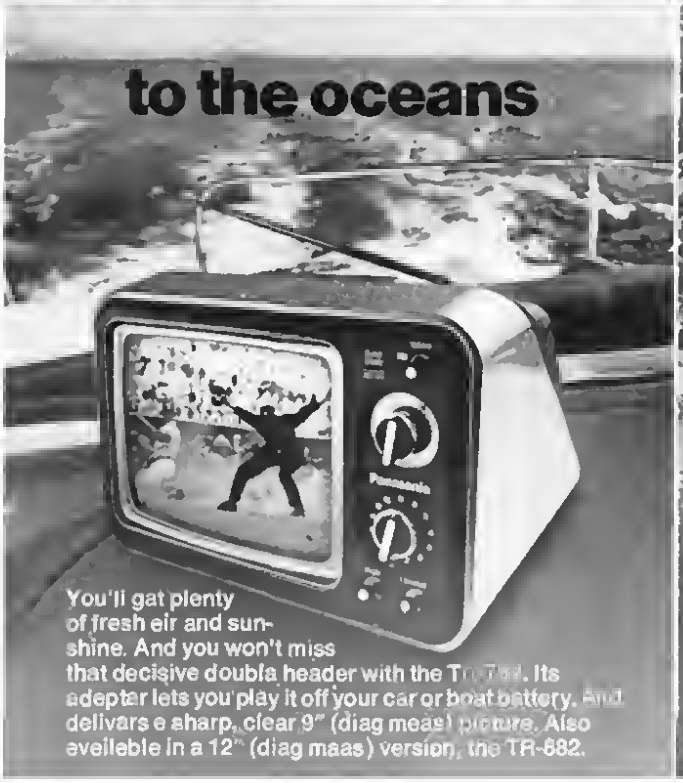
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SPORT	TOP THREE	ANALYSIS
100-METER HURDLES	RABSZTYN, POL. EHRHARDT, E G LEBEDEVA, USSR	Ehrhardt won in '72 and holds record, but Rabsztyn beat her two out of three last year
HIGH JUMP	ACKERMANN, E G BRADACOVA, CZ BRILL, CANADA	Record holder Ackermann has two inches over compatition and no nerves. Girven of US could be lucky In long jump Siegl and Voigt are 1-2, but McMillan, third in world to have topped 22 feat this yeer, could pop a big one
LONG JUMP	SIEGL, E GER McMILLAN, USA VOIGT, E GER	
SHOTPUT	KHRISTOVA, BUL ADAM, E GER FIBINGEROVA, CZ	Khristova, 6th in '68 and 3rd in '72, and now 34, twice broke Adam's world record by eight inches this month Melnik, 31, record holder and '72 winner, is nearly five faat ahaad of field Lest waak, Fuchs improved her racord to 226' 9¼", more than eight feet over Schmidt's bast, dimming US hopa for gold
DISCUS	MELNIK, USSR VERGOVA, BUL ROMERO, CUBA	
JAVELIN	FUCHS, E GER SCHMIDT, USA BABICH, USSR	
PENTATHLON	SIEGL, E GER POPOVSKAYA, USSR FREDERICK, USA	Siegl may win both long jump and pentathlon. Tkachenko of USSR could edge out Frederick
SWIMMING MEN 100-METER FREESTYLE	MONTGOMERY, USA BOTTOM, USA BURE, USSR	Montgomary holds record in 100, Furniss in 200, and both will be tough Bottom is fast improving end should baat Bure, en enciant of 26 Only Nocka could prevent US sweep in 200 where Naber is dark horse Goodell broke Shaw's 400 racord, but Coach Jochums says a healthy Shaw at Montreal will be awesoma Goodell also broka Holland's 1,500 record with 15 06.66 Big question is Will anybody braak 15 minutas?
200-METER FREESTYLE	B FURNISS, USA MONTGOMERY, USA NOCKE, W GER	
400-METER FREESTYLE	SHAW, USA GDODELL, USA CONVERSE, USA	
1,500-METER FREESTYLE	GOODELL, USA HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA HACKETT, USA	
100-METER BREASTSTROKE	HENCKEN, USA WILKIE, G BRIT KUSCH, W GER	Stenford's Hanckan won gold and bronza (100) in '72, U of Miami's (and Britain's) Wilkie a silver (200) Both have baan dueling in collega sinca Japan's Taguchi could medal again in each race
200-METER BREASTSTROKE	WILKIE, G BRIT HENCKEN, USA SMITH, CANADA	
100-METER BUTTERFLY	BOTTOM, USA HALL, USA PYTTEL, E GER	Pyttel recently broke Spitz' 200 record, but Forrester wes only 07 slower in Tnals. Hall, who won 400 IM silver in '68 and 200 fly silvar in '72, unratired at 24 to try again Bottom beat him at Trials
200-METER BUTTERFLY	FORRESTER, USA PYTTEL, E GER BRUNER USA	
100-METER BACKSTROKE	NABER, USA MATTHES, E GER ROCCA, USA	Matthas won both in '68 and '72, but at 25 he may hava to bow to 6' 6" Naber, who broka his record in 200 end has ruled at thet distance for some time Canada's Pickall and Australia's Karry are threats at both distancas
200-METER BACKSTROKE	NABER, USA VERRASZTO, HUN ROCCA, USA	
400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	VERRASZTO, HUN STRACHAN, USA S FURNISS USA	Racord holder Verraszto and Strachan seem at peak, Hungary's Hargitay could beat both

SPORT	TOP THREE	ANALYSIS
800-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	USA WEST GERMANY USSR	Unless someone jumps gun, US team of B Furniss, Montgomary, Naber, Bruner cannot lose 800 ralay Five countries are up for medals in 400, but US with Naber, Hencken, Montgomery, Forrester has no weak stroke
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	USA WEST GERMANY USSR	
WOMEN 100-METER FREESTYLE	ENDER, E GER BABASHOFF, USA STERKEL, USA	It's Babashoff vs Ender in 100, 200, Bebeshoff vs. Turrall, who is 10 pounds ovarwaight, in 400, 800. Endar is strongast in 100, the glamour event, Bebashoff beat her in 200 at world meet last year, topping Endar's blazing spaad with staying powar and savvy. East German Krause, who broka Babashoff's 400 record, stayed home sick, and Babashoff is out to get her record again in her best avant. She set 800 record at Trials
200-METER FREESTYLE	BABASHOFF, USA ENDER, E GER BRIGITHA, HOL	
400-METER FREESTYLE	BABASHOFF, USA HEDDY, USA TURRALL, AUS	
800-METER FREESTYLE	TURRALL, AUS BABASHOFF, USA THUEMER, E GER	
100-METER BREASTSTROKE	NITSCHKE, E G YURCHENYA, USSR ANKE, E GER	At 14, Nitschke is swimming's youngest world-record holder, and is good bet for gold in both races. Yurchanya is threat to East Garmans, along with Canada's 15-year-old Bakar, who is close to record in 200
200-METER BREASTSTROKE	LINKE, E GER YURCHENYA, USSR ANKE, E GER	
100-METER BUTTERFLY	ENDER, E GER POLLACK, E GER WRIGHT, USA	It's Ender again in anothar glamour avant, followed by her powarful teammates. Wright and Thornton eech have a chance for third. Thornton led US sweep in 200 in '72 under maiden nama Moe
200-METER BUTTERFLY	GABRIEL, E GER TAUBER, E GER. THORNTON, USA	
100-METER BACKSTROKE	RICHTER, E GER ENDER, E GER TREIBER, E GER	Ender is still pondering whether to go in 100 back and aim for six medals, relays included If not, teammata Stilla will fill in. Canadian Garapick could place in 200 but Belote of US, double winner in '72, has little hope
200-METER BACKSTROKE	TREIBER, E GER RICHTER, E GER GIBSON, CANADA	
400-METER INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY	TREIBER, E GER TAUBER, E GER KAHLE, E GER	At East Garman Trials, all three want undar old world record, which makes sweap a cartainty
400-METER FREESTYLE RELAY	EAST GERMANY USA CANADA	In both relays no team has preyer against East Germans, who will be fielding such record holders as Endar, Richter, Nitschka and Treiber In medley it's a toss-up for silver between Caneda and US
400-METER MEDLEY RELAY	EAST GERMANY USA CANADA	
DIVING MEN SPRINGBOARD	LOUGANIS USA DIBIASI, ITALY HOFFMANN, E G	Dibiasi, now 28, is greetest platform divar ever, having won silver in '64, gold in '68 and '72, and the current world champ should do it again New US sansation is 16-yaar-old Louganis who baat Boggs at Triels
PLATFORM	D BIASI, ITALY LOUGANIS, USA NEMTSANOV, USSR	
WOMEN SPRINGBOARD	KALININA, USSR CHANDLER USA KOEHLER, E G	Kalinina has bean superb in both evants in racant maets, but 17-yaar-old Chandler has improved greatly Ely won off towar in '75 world meet, and should beet '72 gold madalist Knapa who has no difficult moves
PLATFORM	ELY, USA KALININA, USSR KNAPE, SWEDEN	

CONTINUED

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9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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SPORT	TOP THREE
ARCHERY MEN	PACE, USA McKINNEY, USA SPIGARELLI, IT
WDMEN	RYON, USA RUSTAMDVA USSR KDVPAN USSR
BASKETBALL MEN	USA USSR YUGOSLAVIA
WOMEN	USSR USA BULGARIA
BDXING LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	GEDO, HUNGARY HERNANDEZ, CUBA TKACHENKO, USSR* MUCHOKI, KENYA*
FLYWEIGHT	DUVALAN, CUBA KDNSTANTIN, RUM PEREZ, VENEZ BLANZYNKY, POL
BANTAMWEIGHT	MARTINEZ, CUBA RYBAKDV, USSR MADEJ, PDLAND MOONEY, USA
FEATHERWEIGHT	BADARI, HUNGARY HERRERA, CUBA FOERSTER, E. G ARMSTRONG, USA
LIGHTWEIGHT	DAVIS, USA SOLOMIN, USSR VALIENTE, CUBA CUTDV, RUMANIA
LIGHT WELTERWEIGHT	LEONARD, USA KALULE, UGANDA KOLEV, BULGARIA MUELLER, W GER
WELTERWEIGHT	JACKSDN, USA CORREA, CUBA YANKOV, BULGARIA KICKA, PDLAND
LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHT	GARBEY, CUBA SAVCHENKD, USSR JAKAB, HUNGARY LEMUS, VENEZ
MIDDLEWEIGHT	RISKIEV, USSR NASTAC, RUM WITTENBURG, E G FELIPE, CUBA
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	KLIMANOV, USSR L SPINKS, USA SANCHEZ, VENEZ RDSA, PUERTO RICO
HEAVYWEIGHT	STEVENSDN, CUBA TATE USA HUSSING, W GER BIEGALSKI, POL

SPORT	TOP THREE
CANOEING MEN 500-METER KAYAK SINGLES	SZTANITY, HUNG DIBA, RUMANIA SLEDZIEWSKI, POL
1,000-METER KAYAK SINGLES	CSAPD, HUNGARY PERRI, ITALY SLEDZIEWSKI, PDL
500-METER KAYAK DOUBLES	USSR HUNGARY EAST GERMANY
1,000-METER KAYAK DDUBLES	EAST GERMANY RUMANIA USSR
1,000-METER KAYAK FOURS	SPAIN USSR POLAND
500-METER CANADIAN SINGLES	SDROKA, USSR SZEGEDI, HUNGARY WOOD, CANADA
1,000-METER CANADIAN SINGLES	ROGDV, USSR PATZAIKIN, RUM WICHMANN, HUNGARY
500-METER CANADIAN DOUBLES	USSR EAST GERMANY POLAND
1,000-METER CANADIAN DOUBLES	USSR RUMANIA HUNGARY
WOMEN 500-METER KAYAK SINGLES	DHDE, E GER KREFT, USSR MIHDREANU, RUM
500-METER KAYAK DOUBLES	EAST GERMANY USSR USA
CYCLING INDIVIDUAL RDAD RACE	SZURKOWSKI, POL HARTNICK, E GER SZOZDA, POLAND
TEAM RDAD RACE	USSR SWEDEN USA
MATCH SPRINTS	MDRELON, FRANCE KRAVTSOV, USSR RDSSI, ITALY
1,000-METER INDIVIDUAL TIME TRIAL	RAPP, USSR LDVELL, CANADA VEHE, USA

SPDRT	TOP THREE
4,000-METER INDIVIDUAL PURSUIT	HUSCHKE, E GER PONSTEEN, HOLLAND BRAUN, W GER
4,000-METER TEAM PURSUIT	WEST GERMANY EAST GERMANY USSR
EQUESTRIAN EVENTS THREE-DAY EVENT INDIVIDUAL	PRIDR-PALMER, G BRITAIN DAVIDSDN, USA PLUMB, USA
THREE-DAY EVENT TEAM	GREAT BRITAIN USA USSR
GRAND PRIX DRESSAGE INDIVIDUAL	STUCKELBERGER, SWITZERLAND BDLDT, W GER KLIMKE, W GER
GRAND PRIX DRESSAGE TEAM	WEST GERMANY SWITZERLAND USA
GRAND PRIX JUMPING INDIVIDUAL	WINKLER, W GER P. O'INZEO, ITALY ROZIER, FRANCE
GRAND PRIX JUMPING TEAM	WEST GERMANY ITALY USA
FENCING MEN FDIL INDIVIDUAL	NOEL, FRANCE TALVARD, FRANCE STANKDVICH, USSR
FOIL TEAM	FRANCE USSR POLAND
EPEE INDIVIDUAL	PUSCH, W GER EDLING, SWEDEN LUKDMSKY, USSR
EPEE TEAM	WEST GERMANY SWEDEN USSR
SABRE INDIVIDUAL	MAFFEI, ITALY SIDYAK, USSR MARDT, HUNGARY
SABRE TEAM	USSR ITALY HUNGARY
WDMEN FDIL INDIVIDUAL	BELDVA, USSR TDRDASI, HUNGARY STAHL, RUMANIA

*TWO BRDNZE MEDALS ARE AWARDED IN EACH CLASS

CONTINUED

SPORT	TOP THREE	SPORT	TOP THREE	SPORT	TOP THREE
FOIL TEAM	USSR HUNGARY RUMANIA	TEAM	USSR EAST GERMANY USA	PAIRS WITHOUT COXSWAIN	EAST GERMANY HOLLAND USA
FIELD HOCKEY	WEST GERMANY PAKISTAN INDIA	HANDBALL MEN	RUM USSR POLAND	FOURS WITH COXSWAIN	USSR WEST GERMANY EAST GERMANY
GYMNASTICS MEN INDIVIDUAL ALL-AROUND	KASAMATSU, JAP ANDRIANOV, USSR KAJIYAMA, JAP	WOMEN	EAST GERMANY USSR HUNGARY	FOURS WITHOUT COXSWAIN	EAST GERMANY USSR USA
INDIVIDUAL FLOOR EXERCISE	KASAMATSU, JAP KAJIYAMA, JAP ANDRIANOV, USSR	JUDO LIGHTWEIGHT	MINAMI, JAPAN DELVINGT, FR DAMIANI, ITALY TUNCSIK, HUNG	EIGHTS WITH COXSWAIN	EAST GERMANY GREAT BRITAIN NEW ZEALAND
INDIVIDUAL POMMELED HORSE	THOMAS, USA MAGYAR, HUNGARY CITYATIN, USSR	WELTERWEIGHT	NEVZOROV, USSR BURRIS, USA VIAL, FRANCE KURAMOTO, JAP	WOMEN SINGLE SCULLS	SCHEIBLICH, E. G. AMBRUS, HUNGARY AGRICOLA, W. GER.
INDIVIDUAL RINGS	GRECU, RUMANIA KENMOTSU, JAP KAJIYAMA, JAP	MIDDLEWEIGHT	COCHE, FRANCE SONODA, JAPAN KISS, HUNGARY JACKS, G. BRIT.	DOUBLE SCULLS	USSR EAST GERMANY HUNGARY
INDIVIDUAL VAULT	SHAMUGYA, USSR KASAMATSU, JAP TSUKAHARA, JAP	LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	HARSHILADZE, USSR NINOMIYA, JAPAN STARBROOK, G. B. ROUGE, FRANCE	QUADRUPLE SCULLS	EAST GERMANY USSR CZECHOSLOVAKIA
INDIVIDUAL PARALLEL BARS	KATO, JAPAN KASAMATSU, JAP MARKELOV, USSR	HEAVYWEIGHT	ENDO, JAPAN PAK, N. KOREA NOVIKOV, USSR VARGA, HUNGARY	PAIRS WITHOUT COXSWAIN	USSR WEST GERMANY EAST GERMANY
INDIVIDUAL HORIZONTAL BAR	KASAMATSU, JAP GIENGER, W. GER. TIKHONOV, USSR	OPEN CATEGORY	CHOCHISHVILY, USSR UEMURA, JAPAN PAK, N. KOREA WOOLEY, USA	FOURS WITH COXSWAIN	EAST GERMANY USSR WEST GERMANY
TEAM	JAPAN USSR USA	MODERN PENTATHLON INDIVIDUAL	LEDNEV, USSR ONISHCHENKO, USSR KANCSAL, HUNGARY	EIGHTS WITH COXSWAIN	EAST GERMANY USSR USA
WOMEN INDIVIDUAL ALL-AROUND	COMANECI, RUM UNGUREANU, RUM ESCHER, E. GER.	TEAM	USSR HUNGARY USA	SHOOTING SMALL-BORE RIFLE PRONE	ROSS, USA AUER, USA MELNIK, USSR
INDIVIDUAL FLOOR EXERCISE	COMANECI, RUM ESCHER, E. GER. HOWARD, USA	ROWING MEN SINGLE SCULLS	KOLBE, W. GERMANY DREIFKE, E. GER. DREA, IRELAND	SMALL-BORE RIFLE THREE POSITIONS	MURDOCK, USA BASSHAM, USA MITROFANOV, USSR
INDIVIDUAL VAULT	COMANECI, RUM KORBUT, USSR DOMBECK, E. GER.	DOUBLE SCULLS	NORWAY USSR EAST GERMANY	RAPID-FIRE PISTOL	ZAPEDSKI, POL. KUZMIN, USSR TORSHIN, USSR
INDIVIDUAL UNEVEN PARALLEL BARS	COMANECI, RUM. UNGUREANU, RUM KIM, USSR	QUADRUPLE SCULLS	EAST GERMANY CZECHOSLOVAKIA USSR	FREE PISTOL	VOLLMAR, E. GER. SKANAKER, SWEDEN PAPAVA, USSR
INDIVIDUAL BALANCE BEAM	COMANECI, RUM KIM, USSR KORBUT, USSR	PAIRS WITH COXSWAIN	EAST GERMANY USA POLAND	MOVING TARGET	GAZOV, USSR BELINGROTH, COLOMBIA PFEFFER, E. GER.

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SPORT	TOP THREE
TRAPSHOOTING	PRIMROSE, CANADA ALIPOV, USSR HALDEMAN, USA
SKEETSHOOTING	GAVLIKOVSKI, POL TSURANOV, USSR SWINKELS, HOLLAND
SOCCER	USSR POLAND CZECHOSLOVAKIA
VOLLEYBALL MEN	USSR POLAND JAPAN
WOMEN	JAPAN USSR EAST GERMANY
WATER POLO	USSR YUGOSLAVIA HUNGARY
WEIGHT LIFTING FLYWEIGHT	VORONIN, USSR KOSZEGI, HUNGARY TAKEUCHI, JAPAN
BANTAMWEIGHT	NOURIKIAN, BUL KIROV, BULGARIA SKORUPA, POLAND
FEATHERWEIGHT	KOLESNIKOV, USSR G TODOROV, BUL T TODOROV, BUL
LIGHTWEIGHT	KOROL, USSR KACZMAREK, POLAND URRUTIA, CUBA
MIDDLEWEIGHT	MILITOSIAN, USSR WENZEL, E GER MITKOV, BULGARIA
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	SHARY, USSR STOYTCHEV, BUL BLAGOEV, BULGARIA
MIDDLE HEAVYWEIGHT	RIGERT, USSR POLTORATSKY, USSR BROILLET, SWITZ
HEAVYWEIGHT	CHRISTOV, BUL ZAITSEV, USSR CAMERON, USA

SPORT	TOP THREE
SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT	ALEXEYEV, USSR PLACHKOV, BUL BONK, E GERMANY
WRESTLING FREESTYLE PAPERWEIGHT	ISSAEV, BULGARIA DIMITRIEV, USSR KUDO, JAPAN
FLYWEIGHT	TAKADA, JAPAN IVANOV, USSR FILIPOV, BULGARIA
BANTAMWEIGHT	ARAI, JAPAN YUMIN, USSR DOUKOV, BUL
FEATHERWEIGHT	ZEVEGIJN, MONG DAVIS, USA TIMOFEYEV, USSR
LIGHTWEIGHT	PINIGIN, USSR NAZAGDORI, MONG KEASER, USA
WELTERWEIGHT	ASHURALYEV, USSR DZIEDZIC, USA DATE, JAPAN
MIDDLEWEIGHT	SEGER, W. GERMANY J PETERSON, USA JORGA, RUMANIA
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	TEDIASHVILY, USSR B PETERSON, USA ALLAN, GR BRIT
HEAVYWEIGHT	YARYGIN, USSR BUETTNER, E GER HELLICKSON, USA
SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT	ANDIEV, USSR GEHRKE, E GER BOEV, BULGARIA
GRECO-ROMAN STYLE PAPERWEIGHT	ZUBKOV, USSR BERCEANU, RUMANIA ANGHELOV, BUL
FLYWEIGHT	KIROV, BULGARIA KONSTANTINOV, USSR HIRAYAMA, JAPAN
BANTAMWEIGHT	MUSTAFIN, USSR J LIPIEN, POLAND UKKOLA, FINLAND

SPORT	TOP THREE
FEATHERWEIGHT	DAVIDIAN, USSR K LIPIEN, POLAND WEHLING, E GER
LIGHTWEIGHT	NALBANDYAN, USSR SUPRON, POLAND SKOELD, SWEDEN
WELTERWEIGHT	MACHA, CZECH GALAKTOPOULOS, GR KARLSSON, SWEDEN
MIDDLEWEIGHT	CHEBOKSAROV, USSR HEGEDUS, HUNGARY ENACHE, RUMANIA
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	REZANTSEV, USSR ANDERSSON, SWEDEN THEOBALD, W GER
HEAVYWEIGHT	BALBOSHIN, USSR GORANOV, BULGARIA ALBRECHT, E GER
SUPER HEAVYWEIGHT	TOMOV, BULGARIA KOLCHINSKY, USSR MARTINESCU, RUM
YACHTING SOLING	USA (KOLIUS) AUSTRALIA (FORBES) W GER (KUHWEIDE)
TEMPEST	USSR (MANKIN) SWE (ALBRECHTSON) GR BRITAIN (WARREN)
FLYING DUTCHMAN	W GERMANY (DIESCH) GR BRIT (PATTISSON) FRANCE (PAJOT)
470	FRANCE (LAURENT) USA (WHITEHURST) GR BRIT (CREBBIN)
TORNADO	GR BRITAIN (WHITE) W GER (SPENGLER) USA (McFAULL)
FINN	HOWLETT, GR BRIT MAURY, FRANCE BOUDOURIS, GREECE





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GEORGE FOSTER'S POLICY OF SPEAKING SOFTLY BUT CARRYING A BIG, BLACK BAT IS MAKING FANS IN CINCINNATI HAPPY

Shouting over a quiet man

More than a decade ago two promising kids, Dave Kingman and George Foster, were teammates on a Little League all-star squad in the Los Angeles suburb of Hawthorne. Five years ago they were briefly teammates again on the Giants. And last week, as San Francisco stumbled along trying to keep from being demoted to American Legion ball, ex-Giants Kingman and Foster were, in a sense, together once more, battling each other for the National League lead in runs batted in.

The Giants sold Kingman to the Mets in February 1975 for approximately $125,000 and have since watched him develop into a million-dollar slugger. Foster took longer to make his old club regret his departure. He was traded to Cincinnati in 1971—for two players who never did much for the Giants—but only made the Reds' starting lineup last year, helping them become world champions. This season, swinging his black bat with power and precision, Leftfielder Foster is elbowing his way into the pantheon of Riverfront Stadium heroes alongside Johnny Bench, Joe Morgan, Tony Perez and Pete Rose.

Foster, 27, has been playing in other people's shadows for a long time. He hit only five homers in Little League the summer Kingman hit 20. He never hit .300 at Leuzinger High in Lawndale, Calif. While Kingman was starring at tradition-rich Southern Cal, Foster was an obscure player at El Camino JC until the Giants saw something in him, gave him a small bonus and shipped him off to the Triple-Z boondocks. In three trials with San Francisco, he was known primarily as Bobby Bonds' buddy; after he shifted to Cincinnati, he was unused or, at best, platooned. In 1973 he was even sent down to Indianapolis for 134 games.

Last year he got his big break. With the Reds slumping in May and part-timer Foster hitting .275, Manager Sparky Anderson moved Rose from left to third base so that Foster could play regularly. The shift paid off handsomely. Foster hit an even .300, which must have been a surprise to his old coach at Leuzinger. He batted safely in 16 consecutive games during August and, in another happy stretch, had hits in 32 of 40 games.

Foster used to be able to stroll on the streets of Cincinnati relatively unbothered by autograph hounds, but that is changing quickly. The fans now recognize his precisely cut jaw, his precisely cut L-shaped sideburns and his precisely cut clothes. The 6′ 1″, 195-pound Foster has a muscular torso and legs—and a 30″ waist. Two of him would probably fit inside Batting Coach Ted Kluszewski's uniform, with room left over for a fungo bat or two.

There is an appealing swagger about the Reds. Bench, the biggest vote getter in the All-Star Game elections the last three seasons, squires beautiful women and has won eight straight Gold Glove awards. Morgan and Rose are tough, versatile infielders and hitters, throwbacks to the hard-nosed era of John McGraw.

Foster does not fit the model. He is quiet and extremely religious, and despite the fact that he studied karate between seasons, it is hard to imagine him being pugnacious—or even the slightest bit impolite. He reads the Bible. He prays. He does not drink anything stronger than vanilla milkshakes, which he loves. He does not smoke. "George has always been like that," says his mother, Mrs. Regina Davis (she divorced his father and remarried). "If someone makes him angry, he just turns and walks away."

It seems consistent that Foster is a dutiful son who took his mother to Hawaii

continued

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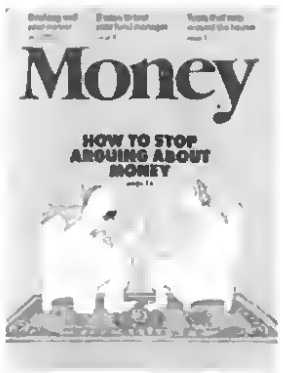
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after last season, when the Reds appeared in the Superteams competition. And whenever Cincy visits Los Angeles, Foster escorts a group of his teammates to his mother's modest house near the L.A. Airport—and just a few doors north of the True Vine Baptist Church—for a soul-food feast. Foster skips the chitlins because he will not eat pork.

"Eight of 'em want to come this next time, including Pete Rose," says Mrs. Davis. "Some of the Cubans like Perez haven't had soul food before, but it looked to me like they couldn't get enough."

It is a pleasure to report that, amid all his devotion to God, motherhood and home cooking, Foster is not a saint. He has a hint of hot dog in him and a touch of moodiness. He likes to make all his catches in the outfield one-handed and has been known to hold on to the ball, with his arm cocked, daring a runner to try for an extra base. And on a recent evening he hit what he was certain would be a home run and stood at home plate admiring the majestic flight of the ball until it unexpectedly bounced off the wall. Foster had to scramble to make second. When a reporter asked him what he had been doing standing at the plate instead of running, he replied, "Just digging the scene."

Foster used to swing a 33½-ounce bat, but he was never comfortable with it and kept borrowing bats from teammates until, one night in Indianapolis, he was loaned a 35-ouncer. "Right away I started hitting the ball on the nose," says Foster. He has been using bats of that weight ever since and, perhaps as another display of hot doggery, has the Louisville Slugger people stain them black. "I'm integrating the bat rack," he says.

Opposing pitchers are not particularly fond of Foster, not just because of all the runs he has knocked in with his black bat. What they object to is Foster's penchant for leaving the batter's box between pitches; he may well be the most fidgety batter in the majors. Three times this season he has had strikes called on him when he was out of the box or just stepping back in.

"Most pitchers think I'm trying to break up their rhythm, but I'm not," says Foster. "I'm trying to get my concentration, and when I do get it, I'm trying to keep it turned on. The main thing is how I'm going to apply my time while I'm in there. There is a rule restricting pitchers from taking too much time, but there's no rule restricting batters."

His concentration must be pretty good, for last week he ran his latest hitting streak to 18 games (best on the Reds this season) and at week's end he was batting .327, had driven in a league-leading 73 runs—six more than Kingman—and was leading the Reds in homers with 17. He started the season batting in the sixth spot in the order, then was moved to fifth. Two weeks ago in San Diego, Anderson put him in the cleanup spot. Earlier, when Second Baseman Morgan had been spiked and was forced out of the lineup, Foster had taken his place as third in the order.

Sixth, fifth, fourth, third. Foster is unimpressed. "There's no guarantee that when you get up there on top you're going to stay there," he says. "You just have to keep working." Although a little time off outside the batter's box apparently helps, too.

THE WEEK

(July 3-10)

by JOE MARSHALL

AL EAST

New York won five of nine and could contemplate the All-Star break from a lofty eminence, being 9½ games in front of the rest of the division. The Yankees also passed the million mark in attendance, the earliest they have done so since 1961, and placed the most players on the American League All-Star team, six. And still they quibbled. Manager Billy Martin protested a 2-1 loss to Kansas City because Royal Outfielder Hal McRae took three extra warmup tosses when he replaced injured Amos Otis. McRae did not take part in a defensive play and the protest was disallowed. Then Martin began griping about an American League restriction against using All-Star pitchers on the Sunday before the game, saying that he had not been given sufficient notice by the league office and that his ace, Catfish Hunter, was going to lose a pitching turn. As it turned out, the word had been given to the Yankees but not to Martin, who was on the road. Hunter rested but it hardly seemed to matter to the Yankees. The rest of the division was dormant, no one else being above .500.

Boston also passed the million mark in attendance—on their 39th home date, earlier than ever before—but there was no celebration at Fenway Park. Instead there was a moment of silence for Thomas Austin Yawkey, the Red Sox owner, who died Friday. Earlier in the week the Red Sox (4-4) had crept above .500 for the first time since April but were back below it by week's end. Last year's MVP and Rookie of the Year, Fred Lynn, stung by criticism from the media and the fans, was accused of sequestering himself in the off-limits training room. Carlton Fisk was also hearing boos and had been benched.

Cleveland lost seven of eight and dropped to third place. In the Indians' only win Manager Frank Robinson went 2 for 2—a homer and a single—and drove in two runs. The speculation is that he will insert himself into the lineup more frequently after the All-Star break to try to upgrade Cleveland's offense.

The Tigers (2-4) were also slumping but more than 51,000 Detroiters turned out on two separate occasions to watch Mark (The Bird) Fidrych pitch. He shut out Baltimore 4-0 on four hits at the beginning of the week but then lost 1-0 to Kansas City. His record stood at 9-2, with both losses coming in shutouts. Even in defeat the Bird fanciers chanted until he came back on the field for a postgame bow. A state politician is talking about getting Fidrych a raise above the minimum $16,000 the Tigers are paying him.

Jim Palmer became the first American League pitcher with 11 wins and Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver was ejected on two consecutive nights as the Orioles split eight games. Bill Travers, bound for the All-Star game, won twice for last place Milwaukee (6-2) to up his record to 10-6 and lower his ERA to 1.91.

NY 49-31 BOS 39-40 CLEV 38-40
BALT 39-42 DET 37-41 MIL 32-44

AL WEST

Kansas City won six of eight to open a 6½-game lead, their biggest margin of the season—and of their entire history. In a possible prelude to the American League playoffs, the Royals took three of four from the Yankees, with Steve Mingori being credited with saves in all three victories. In their last five wins Royal pitchers had allowed only four runs, including one 24⅓-inning stretch without yielding an earned run. The only sour note was Steve Busby's continued failure to pitch well. At week's end he was sent to Los Angeles for an examination of his sore right shoulder.

Texas pitchers needed support from the rest of the Rangers (3-6). In his last four outings Bert Blyleven has pitched four complete games and yielded just three runs, yet he came away with a 2-2 record. Typically, in midweek he lost to Detroit 2-1. At week's end Gaylord Perry got the same treatment from his teammates, pitching a four-hitter and losing to Milwaukee 3-1.

Oakland (6-2) crept above .500 for the first time in two months and much of the credit went to Vida Blue and Rollie Fingers, the two pitchers Owner Charlie Finley tried to sell in June. Blue was superb in a six-hit, 2-0

win over Baltimore while Fingers recorded a pair of saves and a win. The A's were also burning opponents on the base paths. In two straight wins over Cleveland, Oakland stole 12 bases.

Last year Mike Cubbage was 0 for 17 as a major-leaguer with Texas when he got his first hit, a grand slam off Bill Singer, who was then pitching for California. This year both play for Minnesota (5-4) and this week Cubbage helped Singer to his eighth win, against three losses, when he broke out of an 0 for 24 slump with another grand slam. "I owed Billy one," said Cubbage.

Chicago (3-6) has been hitting so poorly that Manager Paul Richards allowed Pitcher Ken Brett, a good hitter, to bat for himself, the first time an American League manager had not used the designated hitter in a meaningful game since the DH was introduced in 1973. (Oakland used pitchers as hitters in 1973 and 1975 after clinching divisional titles to ready pitchers for the World Series.) Brett hit three balls hard, but at fielders, and went hitless as Chicago lost to Boston 4-0. In his next outing he stuck to pitching and six-hit the Yankees 4-1 to give the White Sox their first win over New York in nine games this season.

California dropped five of eight games to remain in the cellar. Bobby Bonds decided to take the All-Star break to have X rays made of his right hand, which was fractured early in the season. "I don't shake hands with anybody," says Bonds. "You could put me down on my knees with just a normal handshake." Bonds still managed to hit his 10th home run last week.

KC 51-30 TEX 44-36 OAK 43-41
MINN 39-43 CHI 37-44 CAL 35-51

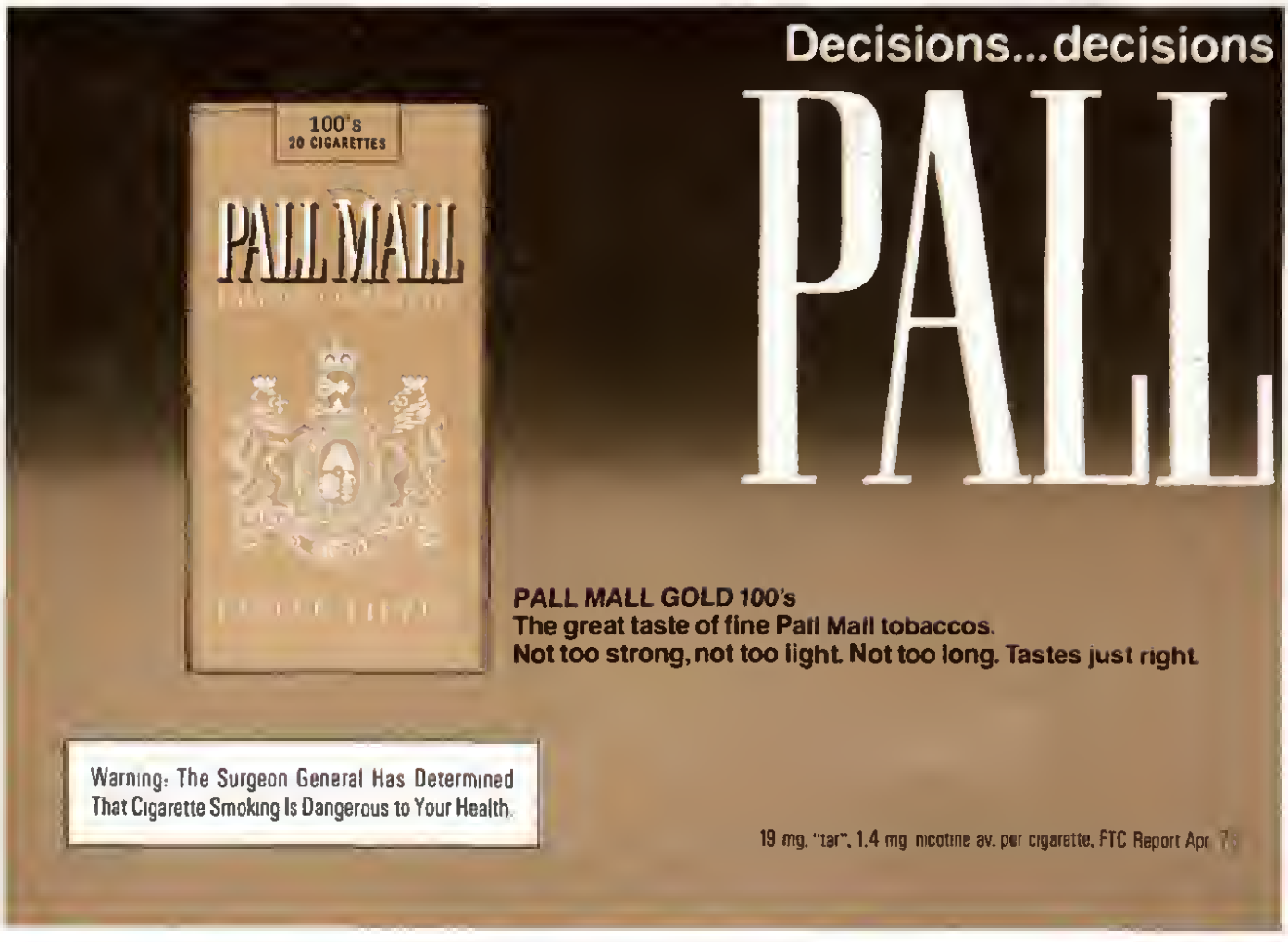
NL EAST

A microcosm of Montreal's 1-7 week might have been a pop fly hit by Houston's Leon Roberts. Expo First Baseman André Thornton successfully called everybody off the ball, then tripped on the pitching rubber giving Roberts a double. Montreal made 15 errors during the week, which meant that 13 of the 54 runs scored against them were unearned, which in turn prompted a newspaper headline reading, TO ERR IS HUMAN—BUT ALL THE TIME? Matters were no better offensively as Montreal hitters set a new standard of ineptitude when they were no-hit for the first time in the club's 1,200-game history, by Larry Dierker of the Astros.

At the opposite end of the standings Philadelphia also took its lumps, losing four in a row. Three of the defeats were at the hands of Los Angeles before big Bicentennial week hometown crowds, but the Phillies rebounded to win three straight from San Diego and finish the week with a 5-4 mark. Steve Carlton struck out his 2,000th batter in his ninth win, prompting a 25-second standing ovation. "I took my hat off," said Carlton. "You can't overdo it. Fidrych, or whatever his name is, he'd probably have done cartwheels. I have to keep up my conservative image."

Pittsburgh (3-6) fell 10 games behind the Phillies when it played giveaway, blowing a 6-1 lead in losing to Atlanta 8-6 and a two-run 10th-inning lead in losing to Cincinnati 12-11.

New York (5-4) ran its winning streak to 10 before dropping three in a row. Dave Kingman hit three more homers to make his major league leading total 30. The Mets' winning streak was stopped by Chicago (6-3), which broke a nine-game losing streak. The Cubs did a remarkable turnabout, going on to make it four in a row and getting three straight shutouts from their supposedly ineffectual pitching staff. Chicago's skein was broken after a local radio station, hoping to prolong the



team's success, hired a "witch" to rub the Cubs with magic potions before the game. The juices of magnolia, cypress and cinnamon only made the Cubs stink.

The Cardinals held a team meeting and promptly won three out of four. But St. Louis (4-3) is still punchless. The Cardinals have hit 31 home runs this season, their opponents 58.

PHIL 55-25 PITT 45-35 NY 46-41
ST.L 36-45 CHI 36-47 MONT 25-51

NL WEST

Larry Dierker of Houston (5-3) pitched the first no-hitter of the season when he beat Montreal 6-0. Dierker struck out eight of the light-hitting Expos, who entered the game with a team batting average of .234. "I went with my fastball," he said. "It was really sailing and I was too keyed-up to try anything else. I wanted to keep the ball in the upper part of the strike zone and make 'em pop it up. The one thing I didn't want was ground balls. Anything can happen when they hit into the dirt."

The Dodgers (4-3) held a players-only clubhouse session before a three-game series in Philadelphia, and it apparently paid off as they took all three from the Eastern Division-leading Phillies. But even that wasn't enough to catch Cincinnati, which won seven straight before suffering a rare Saturday defeat to Pittsburgh (over the last two years the Reds are 33-6 on Saturdays). When Fred Norman beat the Pirates 2-1, it upped his home record this season to 5-1 with a 1.16 ERA. Since joining Cincinnati in 1973 he is 29-7 at Riverfront Stadium. "It's roomy and I'm a fly ball pitcher," explains Norman.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

HAL McRAE: The Kansas City outfielder-designated hitter raised his average to .347 with 13 hits, three of them game-winners, and had seven RBIs. He celebrated his 30th birthday by hitting a double and a homer.

San Diego won just twice in nine outings and both wins went to Randy Jones (16-3), who now has more victories in advance of an All-Star break than any National Leaguer ever. In contrast, the Padres have now lost 14 of their last 21 and are jeopardizing their hold on third place. "I'm very satisfied with [Manager John] McNamara and with the way the team has played," said Owner Ray Kroc at mid-week, "but I won't be happy with anything less than a third-place finish."

"Andy Messersmith is the best pitcher I have ever seen," said Atlanta (4-4) Manager Dave Bristol after Messersmith beat Pittsburgh 4-2 to make his record 9-6. "He has five pitches he can throw for strikes and he has the keenest mind I've ever seen when it comes to getting hitters out." Later in the week Messersmith served up two gopher balls to the Mets' Dave Kingman and lost 4-2. Of the eight homers Messersmith has allowed this season, five have been by Kingman.

The Giants (3-4) insist on playing bad baseball. They're not quite the old Mets, but they're comically close. For example: Pitcher John (The Count) Montefusco executed a rarely seen pickoff play, jumping off the rubber, faking a throw to third, then wheeling around to throw back to first, easily trapping St. Louis' swift Jerry Mumphrey. But Giants First Baseman Darrell Evans ran Mumphrey too far toward second, saw Mike Tyson dashing for home, threw high and allowed Tyson to score, Mumphrey taking second. That's the way it is when you're in last place.

CIN 53-32 LA 46-39 SD 43-43
HOU 5 41-44 ATL 39-45 SF 34-52

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A mountain of trouble

AT THE U.S. OPEN THE WOMEN WERE STORMING, OVER PAR AND OUT OF SORTS AT THE STEEP TASK THEY FACED AND THE RUGGED HILLS THAT PROVED SO HUMBLING

The annual retaliatory strike against uppity women was conducted successfully last week as the United States Golf Association held the U.S. Women's Open under conditions that made everyone play like Betty Crocker

Each year the women participate in the Open as a sort of required midseason lesson in humility, but this time the instruction and penance were especially severe. The tournament was held near Philadelphia at the Rolling Green Golf Club on a course that had baked greens, spongy fairways and hills so steep they would have suited downhill racers.

Like periodic cries for tax reform, criticism of the Open course is to be expected. But this time even the players leading the tournament were protesting. The voices of dissent included the eventual winner, JoAnne Carner, though she was not nearly as annoyed as others because she plays a power game.

Carner's victory was as much a test of nerves as skill She fired a sloshy round of 73 Sunday on a course inundated by rain to tie Sandra Palmer and then took the 18-hole playoff on Monday with a 76 to Palmer's 78. It was hard labor to win just $9,000—the weary golfers moving like jalopies over the final mile.

The crux of the problem was the greens. They were shrunken surfaces set atop high knolls and were so difficult to hit that at their approaches they could have used carnival barkers encouraging three tries for a dollar. In addition, they were baked hard, shaved close and moribund "Look at this," Carner said with wide eyes Saturday evening as she surveyed the 18th green. "There's no grass." Playing on clay, the women double-faulted. Four-putt greens were common throughout the week, and there was even an occasional five-putt.

In the past few years the women have attacked the Open as one of the remaining citadels to be toppled in their crusade for recognition. The prize money totals only $60,000 (the USGA offers a $260,000 purse in the national men's championship). Furthermore, the courses on which the tournament is played are so difficult the women score abominably. "I want to win just because this tournament irritates me so much," Jane Blalock said before the event. "Sometimes I think they set up the course this way just to make us look bad."



EVEN CARNER WAS BROUGHT TO HER KNEES

Carner and Palmer were 8 over par at the end of 72 holes (in only two other tournaments this season has the winner played over-par golf). Even the figure 8 over was deceiving. Fifth-place finishers Amy Alcott and Sharon Miller shot 15 over. After the third round only Carner, Palmer and Blalock could look at the scoreboard and not grit their teeth

Under fire all week were two of the par-3 holes (the 10th and 14th), where many players used drivers; the par-5 9th, which most found unreachable with three successive wood shots, the 13th, where on Saturday the golfers had to hit a wood approach to a pin set on the front edge of an elevated green; and the 16th, which had a putting surface that best could be described as alleged

Only an occasional voice cautioned against the tide of complaints "They want to determine the champion and you have to have it between these six inches," said Alcott, pointing to her head

For a day and a half the Open belonged to Connie Chillemi, an 18-year-old who went out with the rising sun Thursday morning and shot a 69 The score disappointed her and amazed everyone else. "Should have been a 67," said the unabashed youngster from Orlando, Fla.

Before the tournament, Sandra Palmer had predicted that par (71) would be the undefeated champion at Rolling Green "I'll be surprised if anyone shoots a round under par," the 1975 Open winner said. Then she followed Chillemi to the tee and went around the course in 70. "I'm really surprised," said Palmer "It's such a marathon out there. But I made every putt within reason."

Judy Rankin was not so lucky. She came to the Open needing only $615 to become the first woman golfer in history to win $100,000 in one season She practiced long and hard, even getting up at 6 a.m. Wednesday to hit some balls on the range at the Philadelphia Country Club, where she was staying But when rain swept across Rolling Green late Thursday afternoon, suspending play for a couple of hours, Rankin took to the sidelines under a giant umbrella and a cloud of dismay. "I've just bogeyed six straight holes," she said The course had her so spooked that she would not walk across

continued

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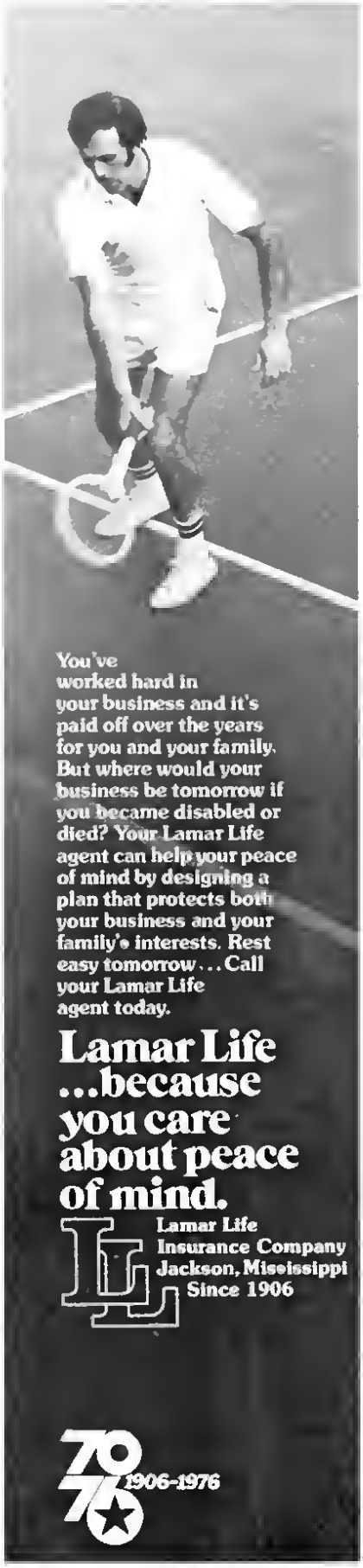
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the high bridge on the par-3 14th because of a fear of falling. Instead, she took a circuitous land route. When play resumed, Rankin finished with a 79.

Most of the field were having problems similar to Rankin's. The trouble was in the layout—virtually all the holes were uphill. Even though this was listed as the shortest Open course on record—6,066 yards—the wet grounds and peaks at the Rolling Green Mountain and Ski Lodge made it one of the longest.

"I love it," said Carner, the tour's longest driver, after her opening 71. "It's so much fun here. I just crank up. It's the first time in years that I've seen an Open course like this." The other players said the last time the event was played on such a demanding course was in Erie, Pa. in 1971 when Carner lapped the field and won by seven shots. "The big hitters are fools if they don't win this tournament," snapped Rankin. "They have us right where they've wanted us for so long."

The Open was Rankin's 10th straight week of competition and the strain was showing. She followed her opening round with a 75 and made the 36-hole cutoff by two strokes, but she had little else to cheer her. "With a perfect drive," she said, "I still have to hit a wood at the hole from most fairways. I think I hit six iron shots all day. I told JoAnn Washam, whom I was playing with today, 'I'm a pretty good iron player if I ever get to hit one.' The greens are so crusty they crinkle when you walk on them. From above the hole, you get a nervous breakdown." Or five putts.

As the brash Connie Chillemi was discovering, brave new words were no help whatsoever after the opening round. On Friday a bad drive on the 12th hole led to a triple bogey, followed by a bogey at the 13th and a double bogey at the 14th. Chillemi hit the green at 16, then started playing croquet. "How many putts did I take there?" she asked her caddie, walking off the green. "Five," he answered. It was the end of a phenom. Chillemi finished with 43 putts and a 38-46—84. "That's a sacrilege in our family," she said. "We're good putters." She finished with 78-79 in the last two rounds and wound up tied for 30th.

As predicted, Carner moved into the lead at the halfway point following a second 71. She was two ahead of Palmer; Pat Bradley, another bazooka hitter, was in third place at 145. Palmer is one of the most tenacious players on the circuit. She is only 5'1½" tall, but she is a battler and around the greens she was working miracles. "She gets the most out of what she has," said Blalock, who was tied for fourth with Alcott at this point. "Her shots aren't pretty, but they're certainly effective."

On Saturday, Rolling Green wiped out all but a pocket of token resistance. Typical were the travails experienced by Bradley. In one nine-hole stretch she had seven bogeys and two double bogeys. The fallen star, Rankin, meanwhile, had another 79 that meant she needed a fine round on Sunday if she wanted to top 100 grand. She managed, shooting a final 74 to earn $1,279 and a tie for 17th.

Ironically, the treacherous par 3s, not the long holes, were to cow Carner on Saturday. She triple bogeyed the 3rd hole when her six-iron tee shot sailed over the green, and double bogeyed the 10th when she missed the green, then three-putted. "It shook me up," she admitted after her round of 77. Palmer took the lead by two shots over Carner after 54 holes, and Blalock moved into third with a two-over-par 73, the third best score of the day. "I feel like I'm hanging on," she said. "The greens are unreal."

Palmer appeared to be losing her grip Sunday when she bogeyed four of the first five holes on a course so wet that the TVA could have been tournament co-sponsor. But she birdied the 15th, two-putted from way across the moonscape on 16, birdied the 17th and wobbled into the playoff with a five-foot par putt on 18.

Carner won five U.S. Amateurs at match play, and her long-ball hitting would be intimidating in the one-on-one battle on Monday. She opened with a birdie and by the 14th tee had a four-stroke lead and her acceptance speech written.

Dogged to the end, Palmer picked up five strokes in the next three holes to take the lead as Carner hit into trees and sand. Then JoAnne birdied the 17th with an eight-foot putt, Palmer bogeyed the final two holes and it was over. Carner won by two strokes and walked away relieved. After banging her head against the U.S. Women's Open for five days, it felt good to quit a winner. **END**



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He's better, almost Best

HE MIGHT NOT BE THE STAR OF OLD, BUT HE'S SOMETHING OF A NEW MAN



OFF THE BOOZE, GEORGE IS THE TOAST OF THE NASL

The players zigzag over the sunburned square of grass that carpets the soccer field of El Camino College in Torrance, Calif., calling to each other in a variety of languages as they boot passes downfield toward the goal. Then, abruptly, the flow stops. A small black-haired figure captures the ball. Spinning deftly, he begins weaving through the defense like a magician—sprinting, juking, triple-faking his way back toward the opposite goal. He pauses up close and twirls the ball underfoot, taunting his opponents. Then his leg lashes out. The ball, with an unexpected upturn, glances off a defender's chest and deflects into the net past the bewildered goalkeeper whose body is blocking the area where the ball was supposed to have gone.

The virtuoso is George Best, the one-time bad boy of English football, now 30 and playing right wing for the Los Angeles Aztecs. Once rated one of the top five soccer players in the world, Best was both England's Player of the Year and European Player of the Year in 1968. When he was with Manchester United, the team won the prestigious European Cup, the English Football Association Cup and twice won the English First Division Championship. In his prime, Best was the most feared player in all of Europe, and his talents—both on and off the field—were legendary.

But that was long ago, and when George Best arrived in California in February, most of the glory was gone. He had been out of big-time soccer for two years. His personal life had become a tangle of litigation and unpleasant headlines. There was just enough of the magic name left for the Aztecs and the North American Soccer League to pay him well and give him another shot. John Chaffetz, the Aztecs' managing general partner and the man responsible for recruiting Best, was candid about what he had in mind when he signed him. "Soccer fans know George from what he does on the field," he said. "The rest of the people know about him because of what he does off the field. Those are the people we want to attract."

Born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, of Protestant parents, Best played his first professional game as a knobby-kneed 17-year-old, taking the field in 1963 as an outside right for Manchester United. He became a starter immediately and by 1968 had reached a level of brilliance that made him a superstar. His ability to kick the ball with either foot, fire curveball scores around goalkeepers, make precision passes off the top of his head and dribble uncannily through the defense—plus an intuitive understanding of what ought to happen next on the field—brought fresh imagination and flair to the game.

It was the right time for Best. The same year he made his debut, the Beatles had become successful. Best's sheepdog coiffure and iconoclastic behavior earned him the label "The Fifth Beatle." His fame skyrocketed. The George Best Fan Club was established with branches as far away as Moscow and Tokyo. He was beleaguered by teen angels, and letters from pubescent and not-so-pubescent "birds" ran to 10,000 a week. The BBC did a documentary, *The World of George Best*, a ghosted autobiography appeared titled *The Best of Both Worlds* and the Communist *Morning Star* called him a working-class hero. Best owned men's boutiques and nightclubs and endorsed everything from cosmetics to eggs for the Egg Marketing Board. His dimpled smile stared out from posters, tea mugs and packets of chewing gum. *Georgie, Georgie, the Belfast Boy* was a hit record.

At a time when soccer players were supposed to be clean-cut, chivalrous, modest, sober, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise, George Best, with his taste for booze and eye for the birds, was a press agent's dream. Gossip columns and sports pages recorded his every move. He was rich and handsome and a bachelor and he played the Don Juan role to excess, getting involved in an endless series of romances with celebrated, and sometimes not so celebrated (but always stunning-looking) women.

In time, however, Best's cavortings became less amusing. He was sued for slugging a 22-year-old woman and breaking her nose in a Manchester nightclub and had to pay her £100 in damages and costs.

Buoyed by beginner's luck (in his first serious fling he took home $52,000), Best also began gambling. "I thought it was the life—staying up all night and gambling until five in the morning," he said later when he was deep in debt. "I thought I'd never have to work again. That is, until I found out that you don't always win." He also found he couldn't sleep unless he had "more than a little to drink." Soon Best was downing a quart of vodka a day. "He was the only footballer who was 70 proof," a biographer reported.

He also began missing practices and, occasionally, entire games. His soccer-playing ability declined and his behav-

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ior deteriorated even more. He was suspended for knocking the ball out of a referee's hand and, another time, for throwing mud at a referee. Had he not been one of the world's greatest players, he would have been dismissed. In 1972 Best retired from Manchester United and confessed that he was a wreck, drinking heavily and close to a mental breakdown.

He returned briefly to Manchester United in 1973, but lasted only a few months. After that he began playing for any team that would have him and became sort of a freak who could swell audiences by performing for local teams around the country. In August of 1974, the *Daily Telegraph* reported, "George Best, 28, the wayward soccer star once described as the world's greatest, made his comeback last night playing beside a lorry driver and a mechanic in the happy-go-lucky obscurity of Dunstable Football Club." It was downhill from there. Last November, Best signed a one-month contract with Stockport County, a fourth division club. But his value as a curiosity had waned, and when the contract expired he went to play for a club in the Irish Republic, Cork Celtic. He lasted three games before he was let go.

On Feb. 20, 1976 George Best arrived in Los Angeles. He came off the jet sporting a white T shirt that boasted WHO THE HELL'S GEORGE? On cue, a buxom cheerleader emerged from the waiting crowd with GEORGE DOES IT BEST emblazoned across her chest. The hype was on.

During the airport news conference a reporter asked Best if he was to be the second Joe Namath. George crowed in finest form, "I'm better than Joe Namath in both sports he participates in." On Pelé: "I'm better than Pelé. I can kick with both feet." He also said, "I do not expect to play on a losing side. You'll find I have a nice personality when we start winning."

On that point, he appears to have been in earnest. He is indeed once again serious about soccer. Before signing with the Aztecs, Best flirted with a handsome offer from the New York Cosmos. The drawback was a long-term contract. Best wanted a one-season deal in order to assess the team and get his personal feelings sorted out. He is the second-highest-paid player in the NASL, Pelé making an estimated $4.5 million for three years.

NASL champions in 1974, the Aztecs have a 9-7 record and are second in their division. Best has done a lion's share of

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the work, scoring 10 goals and making 4 assists in 16 games, putting him in a tie for second in scoring in the league.

"George is not an asset, he's a necessity," says Aztec Coach Terry Fisher, 26, a former UCLA soccer coach. "Seven goals scored by him have been game winners. With him, if we are within two goals, we can still win the game.

"Of course, getting George was the easy part; building a supporting cast around him is the hard part. He is improving in every game, gaining lost time. But sometimes he forgets how gifted he is and gets frustrated when other players don't match up. He can do it all."

But Best is not the player he once was. Part of the reason is that the Aztecs are not Manchester United. "I don't think he'll ever be as good, because he was part of a great team then," says one opponent who played against Best years ago.

When Best is asked how he rates the Aztecs as a team, he says tactfully, "They have some good lads on the squad, but I think they need a few more." Already he is responsible for bringing over Charlie Cooke, a Scottish international star, and Bobby McAlinden, who played for Manchester City. A couple of months ago Best created a small furor by resigning from Team America before it played England, Italy and Brazil in the Bicentennial Cup. The reason was not pique. The Aztecs had just been trampled 6-0 by the Cosmos and had recently taken on three new players, and Best felt he was needed.

Before Best arrived in Los Angeles there were qualms about whether he would adapt. "We had heard all the stories," says Fisher. "The night before he was scheduled to get in, Chaffetz and I sat around making excuses in case he didn't show." But to their surprise, Best has been nothing but polite and cooperative. "I secured a Beverly Hills bachelor pad for him equipped with all the playboy paraphernalia," says Chaffetz. "After seeing it, George said, 'I don't want to live here, it's too far from practice.'

"He calls and asks if there is anything he can do. And to date, he's never missed practice. There are no pretensions. He has no limo, no special food. At the first pregame meal, the team ordered steak while Best ordered cornflakes and bananas. Sixty-four cents instead of six bucks. Now the rest of the team orders cornflakes."

Well schooled in the art of self-publicity, Best understands and tolerates the promotional hype. ("I score goals and do tricks for people," he once said.) This season, however, showmanship is secondary. "I realized I had only three or four good seasons left," he says. "To get through those seasons, I couldn't live like I had been living the past few years." When Best checked in with the Aztecs he was some 30 pounds overweight. Goalie Bill Mishalow puts it bluntly: "George was a pudge." Fisher adds, "We knew he was unfit. We talked about weight, measured his fat and worked out a program. Then it was up to him."

Today Best, who is 5′ 8″, is down to

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SOCCER *continued*

150 pounds, his playing weight at 21. "It was terrible at first," he says. "I could barely keep up with the others." He now jogs two to three miles on the beach daily and supplements his training with tennis. "I have this picture taken of me about two years ago," he says. "I really should get that thing blown up so I could look at it every day. The way I looked then and the way I look now are so different. If I had kept on that path, well, I just don't know where I would have ended up."

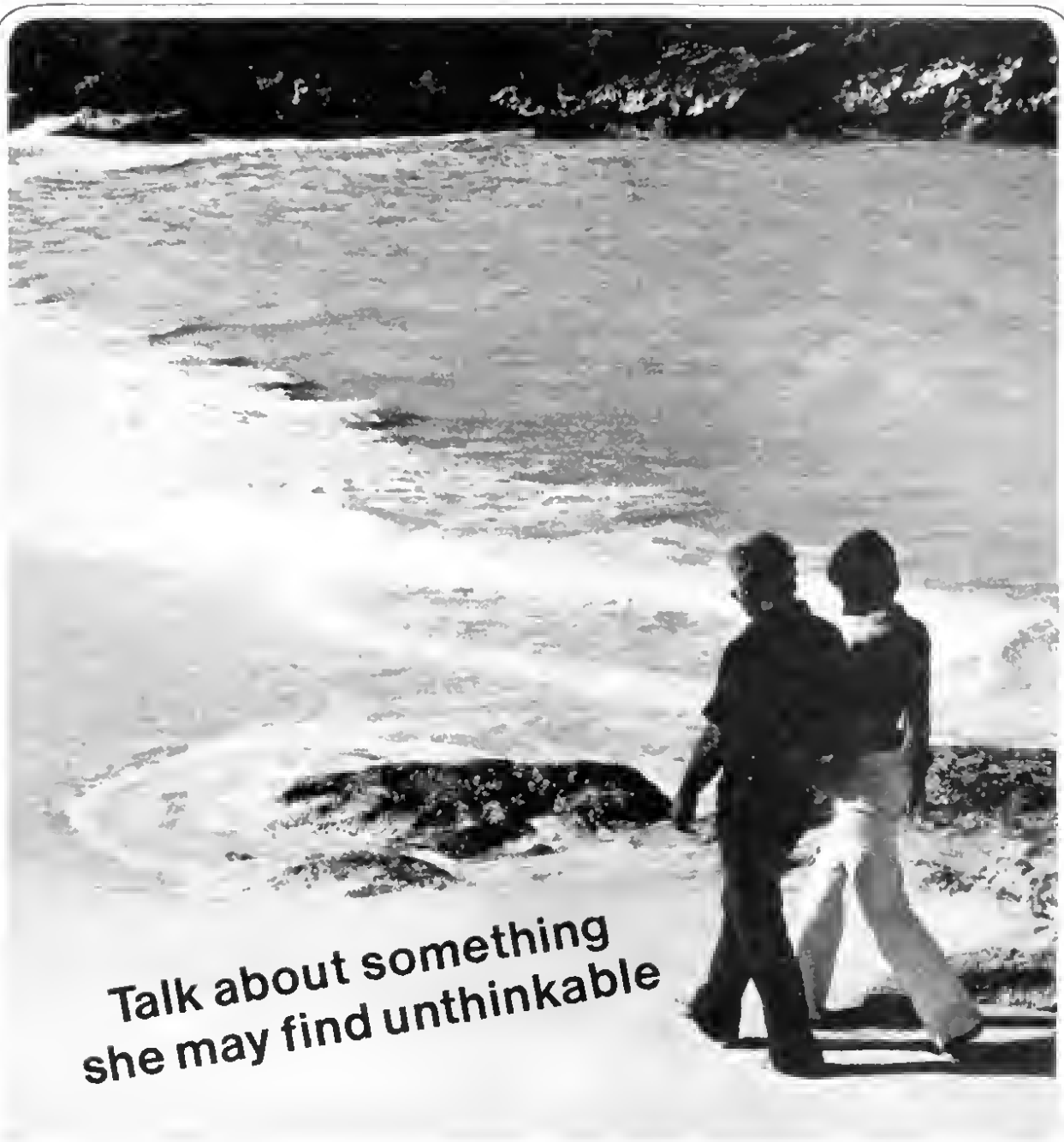
The lodgings Best chose over the Beverly Hills pad is a sunny three-bedroom house in Hermosa Beach, which he shares with McAlinden and a constantly changing stream of friends from England. Waves wash the shore just a block away, and an inconspicuous Chevy Malibu is parked in the garage downstairs; gone are the six Jaguars, the Ferrari, the white Rolls. "I think I'm happier about myself. I've gotten my head together," Best says.

According to Best, it was boredom that created the frenetic libertine. "The game that I loved playing had gone a bit sour. The team that had been so good was running on its past reputation and wasn't bringing in any new players. I was bored and upset with the whole situation."

The future is hazy. Although Best views himself as a gypsy—"a bit of the nomad"—he misses seeing his younger sisters and little brother grow up. In August he hopes to move his family out of strife-torn Belfast, but hasn't decided whether the U.S. or England will be the destination. Not always overjoyed with the Aztecs, he is still optimistic about the future of soccer in America, insisting that soccer here is far more than a happy hunting ground for semi-retired players.

"It used to be that anybody from England could get on a U.S. team," he says. "That's not so anymore. In 10 years at the very most, America will be in competition for the World Cup. If the Russians win the Cup, it will be the best thing for U.S. soccer. And the American style of play will be identical to the European, because so many of the players on the teams are European. Our biggest differences are primarily limited to terminology and have little to do with playing style."

Soccer has never been a job for Best, and staying away from the game these last two years hurt him. "I really came to prove I have all of my old skills," he finishes softly. **END**



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Once More With the Charm



Lucky old Montreal has survived through all its turbulent years because of its spirit. Now, financial and ethnic troubles aside, it is ready for another Olympian effort

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

It now turns out that some of the hamburger and most of the pepperoni served at Expo 67, Montreal's world's fair of nine years ago, contained diseased beef and horsemeat. This probably should have been discovered at the time, since at least one local pet-food company experienced telltale disruptions in its normal meat shipments, but the scandal came to light during public crime hearings only last year. It was a case of what you don't know won't hurt you, sometimes. Unsuspecting Expo-goers happily stuffed themselves on hamburgers and pepperoni pizza and the event was, by common consent, a smashing success.

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Next week visitors to Montreal are being asked to overlook embarrassments they *do* know about and enjoy another extravaganza, the Games of the XXI Olympiad. The hoped-for spirit is nicely exemplified by Jean Lesiège, a natty young man who works as a counselor in the city's tourist and public relations department. The pre-Olympic news from Montreal consisted mainly of construction hassles, soaring costs and word of unprecedented security arrangements. Lesiège has been personally discomfited by the fact that his bachelor flat is across from Loews La Cité, a newly opened 500-room hotel that was rushed to completion in time for the Games.

"The construction was unbelievably noisy," Lesiège says. "The cement trucks went by at two in the morning, and I could hear every one of them. The dust was awful, too." Then he brightens and adds, "But now that it's finished, I can say it. We need new hotels to handle all the Olympic visitors."

While Lesiège is a booster, be forewarned that so are most citizens of the Olympic city. They never tire of pointing out that Montreal is the world's second largest French-speaking city and that it fairly crackles with *joie de vivre*. Even the most cynical of them describes the place as "livable" (never mind that apprehensive Olympic-goers really care only whether it is visitable), and words like "sophisticated" and "civilized" are also freely tossed about. And every last bellhop seems prepared to ramble on about how Montreal succeeds in blending the old and the new, the European and the North American.

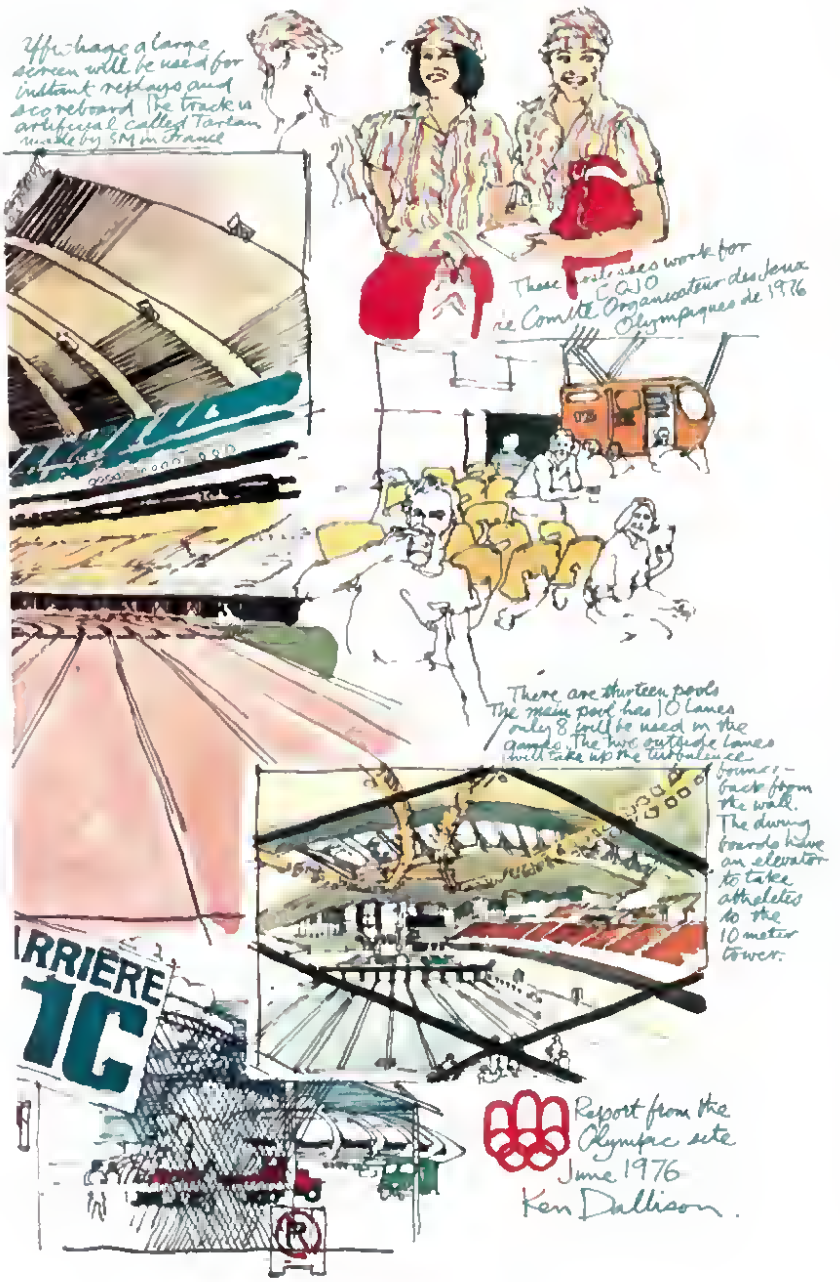
All of this might be insufferable except that it is largely true. Take the business about blending the old and the new. Montreal is a city on the make in the best North American tradition, its once-drowsy downtown having been transformed into a forest of lean glass-and-steel office towers. But it is also a city that goes on anachronistically dividing its beer-drinking emporiums by law into "taverns"—which are set aside for men only—and "brasseries," where ladies and gents may guzzle together. "If a woman comes in here, I'll throw her out," says a bartender, polishing glasses in a tumbledown tavern called the Mansfield. It all seems rather quaint, but, then, what are French-speaking people doing drinking beer anyway? Or for that matter, sitting there talking about Johnny Bench? The feeling grows that there would be a slightly unreal quality about Montreal even without the added attraction of a $1.5 billion Olympics. Crowning a 30-mile-long slice of land in the St. Lawrence River, Montreal is less than an hour's drive from the U.S. border and it has much of the brawling, cosmopolitan flavor of that other island city called New York. But Montrealers are friendlier than New Yorkers and they keep their city so clean that newspapers tumbling along their gusty streets are invariably today's editions. Montre-



alers hang pots of fresh geraniums from their lampposts and are able to get taxis even in the rain. They believe in the eternal verities, especially now that the Stanley Cup is back with *les Canadiens*, where it belongs.

"People in Montreal are neatly dressed, and I'm not saying that just for business reasons," says Sam Bensmihen, owner of a men's clothing store in the city's predominantly French-speaking North End. "And they're polite. If you ask a question, they'll stop and answer." In the worldly surroundings of Big Syl's, a downtown watering hole where visiting National League ballplayers congregate in quest of a bit of soul, Sylvia Foster, the statuesque Barbados-born proprietress, says, "Montreal reminds me of Barbados. It's a warm, friendly sort of place." And, of course, on an island, too.

Such talk goes on even in the face of the acknowledged big-city problems that Montreal has lately endured. Alarmed by the local construction boom, many residents fret about shrinking green spaces and complain that too many of the stately Victorian mansions along Sherbrooke Street are going under the wrecker's ball. Others argue that the fortunes spent on the Olympics should have been applied toward sewage treatment and public housing, both of which are inadequate. Meanwhile, Montreal has been succeeded as Canada's commercial and financial capital by Toronto, its long dull but now bustling rival. Alas, it even appears that Montreal can no longer find comfort in its self-proclaimed role as "restaurant capital of North America." This past spring Henri Gault and Christian Millau, France's sassiest culinary critics, took potshots at such venerable institutions as the Café Martin ("distinguished banality") and L'Habitant ("very beautiful and very bad") and concluded that Toronto offered "much more sophisticated, elegant and brilliant restaurants than Montreal." It was an attack that Eddy Prevost, former managing director of the Quebec Restaurant Association, did his best to shrug off. "You can always find fault with anything," he said. "Why, some people even criticize the Pope."



These recent troubles mock the lofty efforts of Jean Drapeau, the mayor for 19 of the last 22 years, to make Montreal "the first city of the world." This was a laughable boast, Montreal no longer being No. 1 even in Canada, but nobody chuckled when Drapeau brought major league baseball to town, staged Expo 67 or erected such wonders as the Place des Arts, the city's stunning cultural center, and the Metro, a subway as quiet (it runs on rubber wheels) as it is clean. And indeed, nobody guffaws today when Drapeau goes on talking about landing an NFL franchise for the Olympic Stadium.

But the Olympics are no laughing matter, either. Of the aforementioned $1.5 billion cost estimate, more than $1 billion is debt—and for what was supposed to be a $310 million, deficit-free affair. Amid fears that runaway

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Olympic costs might plunge the city into bankruptcy, post-Games investigations are planned into What Went Wrong and Whose Political Cronies Made How Many Millions. But hold it, wait a moment. The swimming and gymnastics and pole vaulting are about to begin, and Montrealers, remember, would prefer Olympic-goers to overlook gloomier subjects.

In the offices of *Le Devoir*, the most influential of Montreal's five French-language daily newspapers, Editor-in-Chief Michel Roy says, "There is the feeling that life in Montreal is becoming more difficult. People are worried about strikes and the Olympic financial mess. They are worried that our relaxed atmosphere might be disappearing. But they also know the reasons they are having these troubles. Because of the charm of the city, because of the special ethnic fabric, Montreal is a place where people dare to try difficult things."

Perhaps Montrealers should occasionally take the trouble to squint through the thicket of new high-rise buildings for a reassuring glance or two at Mount Royal, their own Olympus. Known grandly as "The Mountain," it is actually a maple-lined affair that rises no higher than 763 feet. Yet it stands smack in the middle of the city, looming up like a kind of elevated Central Park to remind beholders, as American writer T. Morris Longstreth once observed, that "the world is not wholly made up of brick and prices."

From Mount Royal the city gets both its name and its bearings. If you stand at its southern foot, where the terrain begins to slope more gently toward the St. Lawrence, you are—in every sense—*down*town. Travel among the two-car garages and nicely kept lawns west of The Mountain and you speak English. Venture eastward among the red-brick row houses with their corkscrew outside staircases and you speak French. Buy a haughty $200,000 stone palace in predominantly English Westmount or heavily French Outremont, rarified communities occupying the heights leading to Mount Royal's summit, and you have made it, able to look down on your conquests.

Montreal has led a charmed existence, and one must believe The Mountain has had something to do with it. The Breton sailor Jacques Cartier named it Mount-Royal upon discovering it in 1535 and Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, who founded the first settlement in 1642, is said to have gratefully planted a cross on its heights after menacing floodwaters had spared his colony's wretched cluster of log huts. In the years since, Montreal has survived Indian attacks, fires, epidemics and desertions; for some reason townsfolk always seemed to be dashing off to found other cities, LaSalle to Chicago, Cadillac to Detroit, the Le Moyne brothers to New Orleans.

Mount Royal is still crowned today by a cross, a large, illuminated successor to Maisonneuve's original, as well as a 500-acre park. If that seems to commit the city simultaneously to piety and pleasure, it is just one of the little tricks up Montreal's sleeve. Tension between the city's French and English citizens can be reminiscent at times of Cyprus and Northern Ireland, yet Montreal makes its uneasy biculturism such a tourist attraction that hotel occupancy last year was 70%, second in North America only to Las Vegas. Located 1,000 miles from the Atlantic on a river clogged by ice five months of the year, Montreal nevertheless became one of the world's great ports. That done, it became headquarters of the International Civil Aviation Organization and International Air Transport Association and proclaimed itself "the air capital of the world."

At first glance, it might seem to be merely one more of its sly tricks that Montreal manages to maintain a Gallic flavor in what amount to subarctic surroundings. But Charles Bronfman, president of The Seagram Company Ltd., a Montreal civic leader and an expert on the agony and ecstasy of living there—he is chief owner of the Expos while cousins Edward and Peter Bronfman control the Canadiens—feels the weather is largely responsible for the city's uniqueness.

"Montreal has *joie de vivre*, like everybody says, but it's mainly because of our harsh winters," Bronfman explains. "In winter we burrow into our houses and never see our neighbors. When it gets warm we go into the streets and everybody is friendly. I think that's also why the city is clean: after the mush and muck of winter, everybody wants to keep things tidy."

Something like eight feet of snow descend on Montreal each winter. To combat it, miniplows are used even on sidewalks, and the roadways are thick with salt, which falls into the category of a necessary evil. Car buyers spend an extra $100 or so for "rustproofing," which only partly prevents salt-caused corrosion, and carpets suffer, too. In the 11-story Drummond-Medical Building the signs on office doors attest to an unsettled etiquette, some of them instructing visitors to leave boots in the hall, others announcing that mats are provided for boots outside, still others promising paper slippers. All agree:

PLEASE REMOVE OVERSHOES

S.V.P. ENLEVEZ VOS CAOUTCHOUCS

Montreal has been hit with 10-inch snowfalls well into May, but this does not prevent newspapers from greeting spring's official arrival with giddy editorials (IT'S SPRING—GIVE THANKS!) and displaying ads for the kind of above-the-ground backyard pools that the Olympics almost had to use for swimming. And before long, sure enough, gray, potholed Montreal blooms with candy-striped awnings, and the sidewalk cafés on Place Jacques Cartier begin filling with tourists and bearded students. Then, too, the shopgirls, those leggy, dark-eyed clothes ponies—a French city, after all!—break out their reflectors to steal a little noon-hour sun.

Writing about his changing hometown in The Favorite Game, Montreal-born novelist and poet Leonard Cohen comments: "The Victorian gingerbread was going down everywhere and on every second corner was the half-covered skeleton of a new, flat office building. The city seemed fierce to go modern." For Cohen, Montreal's women were the only comfort: "They were beautiful. They were the only beauty, the last magic. Everything else was fiction."

The fierceness to go modern has also produced Montreal's "sheltered city," a multilevel, climate-controlled labyrinth beneath buildings and streets in which one can avoid snow and salt, not to mention the heat waves that bake Montreal in summer. Lined with shops, the sheltered city tun-

continued



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nels this way and that, connected by concourses and the Metro to hotels, office buildings, the Forum and the Olympic site. It has some of the flavor of a suburban shopping mall except that it is concentrated underground and downtown, an arrangement that modern-minded Montrealers like Donat Burnham find irresistibly convenient.

Burnham, an interior designer, lives in a 20-story luxury building connected at a basement level to the sheltered city. He shops in the stores below and gets up at dawn to jog on the deserted concourses. Since his office is located in another building plugged into the sheltered city, Burnham was able to ride out a long spell of bad weather a couple of years ago by going 27 days without once stepping outside. He went to the movies, ate at fine restaurants and dated habitués of trendy boutiques, all of which he found in the sheltered city. "Fresh air?" Burnham shrugged, padding one day through a well-lighted arcade. "The air outdoors is dirty. It's the air in here that's fresh." Isn't it just like tricky Montreal to contrive to enjoy spring all year round?

Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock once described Montreal as a place where people keep off the grass in two languages. Wrong. Toronto is the place where people keep off the grass; free-spirited Montrealers walk wherever they please, which is also how they drive. Leacock's formulation, while taking into account the 67% of the populace that is of French ancestry and the 15% that is Anglo-Saxon, has the further disadvantage of neglecting those known as *les autres*, the others, an ethnic hodgepodge that is most conspicuous along St. Lawrence Boulevard, also known as "The Main." This neighborhood is where Montreal's immigrants traditionally settle on arrival and where they shop even after moving on to greener pastures, stopping by to pick up cookies at the Dutch Pastry Shop, cold cuts at Le Shalom Delicatessen or bedtime reading at Libreria Las Americas.

No delegation of Olympic athletes will pine away in Montreal for want of its own on-the-spot cheering section. Montreal's polyglot flavor was apparent enough at this year's St. Patrick's Day parade, when a white-haired gent lowered himself uncertainly onto a green chair at Ste. Catherine and Guy, staking his claim to the choice spot by announcing grandly, "I'm Ukrainian, but my ex-wife was Irish." And the city's sometimes odd fragmentation is underscored by the fact that it has three dental societies—one mostly French, one English and one Jewish—whose members tend to refer patients to specialists only within their own groups. "The English Club is the one that wants to be alone," insists Cecile Leclerc, executive secretary of *La Société Dentaire de Montreal.*

What Montreal does do in two languages is bicker. The city is the stronghold of French Canadians, who number six million on a continent of 343 million and often feel steamrollered by their English-speaking neighbors. On the streets of Montreal the defeat of the Frenchman Montcalm by the British General Wolfe in 1759 is both reenacted and avenged daily. The French regard *les maudits anglais* as so many overfed robber barons while the English look upon the "pea-soups" and "Pepsis," nicknames derived from food and drink supposedly favored by the French, as laughable louts. Montreal-born novelist Mordecai Richler relates one of the kinder jokes:

"Hear about the Pepsi, watching hockey on TV, who lost $100 betting on a goal?"

"No, what?"

"He lost $50 on the goal, another $50 on the instant replay."

Montreal has two school systems, one Catholic and mostly French, and the other Protestant and almost entirely English. English-speaking whizbangs enroll at McGill University while French scholars matriculate at the Université de Montréal, giving the city its own Cambridge and Sorbonne. On Saturday afternoons kids in ski jackets and knitted hats can be seen lining up at East End movie houses for French-language matinees (EN SONORAMA!) while youngsters dressed exactly the same way queue up in western neighborhoods for Walt Disney's *No Deposit, No Return.* At Montreal's lone remaining tattoo parlor, bearded, burly Professor Clement Demers is equally prepared to inscribe MOM or MAMAN on the customer's body, although he confides, "I don't know why, but the French don't go for *that* one as much as the English."

For many years French and English faced each other like warring armies across the symbolic battleground that was downtown Montreal. The English minority had the heavy artillery, controlling the banks and insurance companies, and any Frenchmen entertaining serious hope of getting ahead were pretty much obliged to speak English. Then, in the 1960s, Quebec began to modernize its educational system, at the same time finding itself besieged by terrorists demanding that the province secede from Canada. A wave of fire bombings and kidnappings culminated in the October crisis of 1970, during which Quebec Cabinet Minister Pierre Laporte was abducted while tossing a football around with neighborhood kids outside his suburban Montreal home. Laporte's body was found in a car trunk a week later; he had been strangled with the religious chain he wore around his neck.

Reacting to the violence, many Montreal-based corporations fled to Toronto while *anglais* bosses who stayed behind began hiring French-speaking employees and boning up on the language themselves. The change was dramatically evident at the recent dedication of a new $210 million downtown office-hotel development called Complexe Desjardins. The ceremonies were attended by a full complement of business leaders and politicians and not a single word of English was heard.

While the Battle of Downtown is pretty much over, separatism by peaceful means remains a hot political issue and some French-speaking people, infused by the new nationalism, refuse to reply when addressed in English by fellow Montrealers. "I'll speak English to Americans because *they* have an excuse," says TV script girl Viviane Legault. Feelings run high over Bill 22, a law enacted by the Quebec government two years ago in an effort to channel more immigrant children, most of whom have been educated up to now in English, into French schools. Bill 22 touched off angry sit-ins in Montreal's Italian neighborhoods and the language issue in general led to the recent nationwide strike by Canadian airline pilots, who were protesting the use of

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French in addition to English in control-tower instructions at Quebec airports. But French Canadians feel that measures protecting their language are essential to their cultural survival.

One who feels strongly about the fragility of that culture is Lise Payette, a large, radiant woman whose weekly talk-variety show on CBC's French-language TV network has earned her the sobriquet, "The Johnny Carson of French Canada." Payette pointedly rejects the comparison, noting, "When we French talk, unlike Johnny Carson, we must say something." Which is what she did one evening after taping her show in a Montreal TV studio.

"Visitors to Montreal see friendly faces and are misled," Lise Payette said in the gloom of the now-darkened studio. "We French Canadians are very alone. We are too far from the mother country to consider ourselves French and do not always have the appetite for success of our neighbors on this continent. We are not Americans and we are not really Canadians. Sometimes I feel we are more like the Russians than anything. We are open with strangers, but inside there is a great sadness."

Until the sport recently began to outdo itself, the Richard Riot of 1955 was one of hockey's most shameful hours. It occurred after NHL President Clarence Campbell suspended the Montreal Canadien superstar Maurice Richard for slugging a referee in a late-season game. The suspension covered the final three games of the regular season and the entire playoffs, and when Campbell arrived at the Forum for a St. Patrick's Day game with Detroit the trouble began. One fan slapped Campbell, another smeared him with a tomato and somebody else set off a tear-gas bomb. The game was forfeited to the Red Wings, after which a mob roamed the streets near the Forum, overturning cars and smashing store windows.

The passions of that evening are easier to understand in light of a heartfelt French Canadian need for homegrown heroes. These can be as dissimilar as Richard Blass, a hoodlum who received standing ovations in seedy Montreal bars before police shot him down last year in the Laurentian Mountains (a tawdry magazine-style publication, *Blass. His Life. His Death*, sold 100,000 copies) and folk-singing idol Felix Leclerc, whose protest songs drew ovations during a recent engagement in a smoke-filled Montreal *boîte à chanson* called Le Patriote. But hockey players are the greatest heroes of all, none greater than Richard, a fiery performer who during 18 years with the Canadiens led the "Flying Frenchmen" to eight Stanley Cups.

It no doubt added to Richard's stature that Montreal during his era was, hockey excepted, a determinedly sleepy minor league town. Novelist Richler recalls that during his boyhood kids were let free into the left-field bleachers at Delormier Downs on weekdays to watch the Montreal Royals, and that local heroes included Yvon Robert, "who week after week gave the blond Anglo-Saxon wrestlers what-for at the Forum." Today everything in town smacks of the big time. Once-humble Blue Bonnets Raceway now boasts the $100,000-added Prix d'Été, one of harness racing's richest events (although the most wondrous thing about the place is still the way the nimble-tongued track announcer calls races in two languages), and Place Bonaventure, the local exposition hall, was the scene this past spring of a dog show offering, almost inevitably, the biggest purses of the year anywhere.

But Montrealers are discovering that traveling first class has its discomforts. Jean Drapeau's tireless courtship of the NFL has only further undermined the money-losing Alouettes, the local Canadian Football League entry, while the Expos, who have never finished above .500 in seven years at Jarry Park, last season fell below the million mark in attendance for the first time. Charles Bronfman decided to put up the money for the new franchise in 1968 after brooding on the matter alone for two hours in his office at Seagram headquarters, a building modeled after a Scottish castle. Now Bronfman sits in the same office, brooding over what will happen when the Expos, in the cellar this year as usual, make their scheduled move into the Olympic Stadium next year. "Montrealers are getting used to the best," the Expo boss frets. "If you're major league, they want you to be major league. And if we're in a fine new stadium like that, that's all the more reason we'd better be a good attraction

We are going to have to start winning."

There also is continued pressure on the Canadiens, a team that finished the past regular season with the best record in NHL history (58-11-11) and then won 12 of 13 Stanley Cup playoff games, polishing off the Philadelphia Flyers in the finals in four straight. The extraordinary season further burnished a mystique that has long since elevated the Forum, where no smart-aleck homemade banners are allowed to offend the gaze of the faithful, to the status of sacred shrine. For all that, there were always empty seats when Washington or Kansas City came to town, for which a 50ish fan named Mike Dydyk supplies the ritual explanation, "I remember when hockey was hockey. Now it's watered down like the Scotch."

A different kind of dilution was caused by elimination of the rule that used to allow the Canadiens automatic draft rights to the top two French players every year, assuring them the services of every Maurice Richard and Jean Béliveau who ever skated down a frozen Quebec river. There were nine Frenchmen on this year's club, including NHL scoring leader Guy Lafleur, but the rule change cost the Canadiens the likes of Gilbert Perreault, Marcel Dionne and Richard Martin, with consequences that Trainer Eddy Palchak lamented during a game at the Forum against Buffalo. "I was down checking some equipment in the dressing room and I heard this tremendous cheer," Palchak says. "In the old days that would have meant we scored a goal." Palchak shakes his head in disbelief. "I came running out and ... Gil Perreault had scored for the Sabres."

The official word is that the Canadiens would take the ice without a single Frenchman, if necessary. Well, just let them try. After coaching the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup in 1971, Al MacNeil was sacked, partly because the local French-language tabloids, vigilant in such matters, made an issue of his inability to speak French. Scotty Bowman, the present coach and a Montreal *anglais*, is bilingual, but when he benched popular Defenseman Pierre Bouchard for a time last season, the tabloids were enraged by his treachery and diners at the steak house run by Pierre and his father, onetime Canadien star Butch Bouchard, grieved over their *bifteck*. "Hey, Butch, that's terrible how they're treating Pierre," somebody would sympathize. And the elder Bouchard would shrug and say, "Pierre is a big boy—he can take care of himself." Restored to Bowman's favor, Pierre played a more or less regular shift in the playoffs.

But there is a danger, in sport, anyway, of making too much of the French-English business. The teen-age girls who gather outside the Forum would no doubt squeal *Il est beau* (He's so handsome) when Ken Dryden passed, even had the Ontario-born goaltender not bothered to make himself fluent in French. Similarly, when Maurice Richard says today, "I'd feel bad if the people stopped recognizing me," he is not just thinking of French people. At any rate, Richard need scarcely worry. At 54, with graying hair and a bit of a paunch over his belt, he is part owner of a fuel-distributing firm and runs a small fishing-line business. And when he makes the rounds with the fuel trucks or delivers his fishing tackle, he is mobbed by admirers, both French and English, who want to shake his hand and get his autograph.

Some of them also want to talk about the Richard riot. Social historians have suggested that the disturbances at the Forum on St. Patrick's Day two decades ago were a precursor of Montreal's later separatist upheavals, pitting the aggrieved hockey fan against that Anglo-Saxon authority figure, Clarence Campbell. But Richard, a plain, direct man who has always felt in his heart that Campbell's action was too severe, has news for the heavy thinkers. "I've heard that stuff and it's nonsense," he said recently in the living room of his ranch-style home on the North End. "I bet there were just as many English boys outside the Forum making trouble that night as French boys."

"Then they didn't riot because Campbell was the *anglais* oppressor?"

Richard's features darkened. "They rioted because he suspended me."

Mark Twain once said it was impossible to throw a stone in Montreal without breaking a church window. Montreal does indeed abound in steeples and stained glass and the city has further seen fit to name 126 streets after saints, reflecting a piety that prompted an early mayor to call it the Rome of the New World. And throughout Montreal's his-

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tory, no individual traditionally exercised more authority than the local parish priest.

But Montreal is also the onetime bailiwick of Camillien Houde, a homely 250-pound bullfrog of a man whose see-no-evil tenure as mayor in the 1930s and 1940s was interrupted by four years spent in federal internment camps during World War II for agitating against conscription. Reelected upon his release, he later told a convention of doctors, "I feel close to you fellows. I was an intern once myself." During Houde's early years, booze trickling down from Montreal lubricated Prohibition-parched American throats and his postwar regime found truck drivers from New England comparing the wide-open city not to Rome but to Gay Paree and even Tijuana. But Montreal was never wholly godless, many of the 100 brothels that flourished in those days closed on Good Friday.

Nowadays construction workers find it convenient to drop off for breakfast served by the topless waitresses at Giustini's, a restaurant nowhere near any major building site. But Montreal's bordellos are gone and public morality comes under the scrutiny of Jean Drapeau, who, during a conversation not long ago in his oak-paneled office in Montreal's 50-year-old rococo city hall, declared, "It may be impossible to do away with sin, but it *is* possible to suppress the commercialization of it." Drapeau's views on the subject are of interest because it was he, as a reform candidate first elected mayor in 1954, who cleaned up the town. In place of now-forbidden pleasures, Drapeau offered cultural and sports events, in the absence of old spiritual comforts, he preached the 20th-century gospel of Tourism and Leisure Time. His *regie de grandeur* was also motivated by nationalism, the need to show that French Canadians could build their own sphinxes and Eiffel Towers.

Drapeau is a complex man. He can preside with overbearing solemnity at city council meetings in one of his somber, vested suits, yet he can also leave the chauffeur behind to drive the mayoral limousine to Quebec City at 100 mph, arms from the tape deck engulfing the car. Always a caricaturist's delight—horn rims up here, bit of a chin down there, slapdash mustache in between—he became even more of one with his evocative promise, uttered just after bagging the Olympics for Montreal in 1970, that the Games "can no more have a deficit than a man can have a baby." That line, while justly famous, has unfortunately obscured other splendid Drapeauisms.

To critics griping about Montreal's vanishing green spaces: "If you want to see the country, you go to the country."

On pollution: "It is going down all the time, but it is only reported when it goes up."

Ruling out cost-cutting alterations on the Olympic Stadium: "Never, never, never did we think of changing the design. It would have been like carving a beautiful statue of bronze and then completing it with feet of wood."

Drapeau's cost-be-damned approach and his almost mystical penchant for secrecy contributed to Montreal's Olympic woes, but so did labor trouble and inflation, over which he had less control. There was also some plain bad luck, prompting even Nick Auf der Maur, an opposition city councilman, prominent Drapeau-baiter and author of a new book on the Olympics entitled *Billion Dollar Game*, to wonder "if there's a curse upon those who would tamper with the gods of Olympus."

When the Province of Quebec assumed command of Olympic construction last November, the one put in charge was Dr. Victor Goldbloom, a cabinet member who is also a part-time pediatrician—a fine irony in view of Drapeau's business about the pregnant man. Goldbloom's bedside manner in the months since has earned him the nickname *Le Ministre Valium* and *L'éteignoir* (the candle snuffer). If Goldbloom is a bit too plodding to be considered a miracle man, well, neither is that phrase any longer squandered on Montreal's mayor: returned to office with 92% of the vote as recently as 1970, Jean Drapeau will have trouble living down his Olympic performance should he run in '78.

Yet Drapeau is not quite ready to play humiliated, either. He claims that if Olympic lotteries were allowed to continue, the resulting revenues would eventually pay off all deficits and, he insists, vindicate him. At the prospect of Victor Goldbloom becoming the man of the Olympic hour, he declares, "When a relay team wins a race, the spotlight is on the last runner. But, you must remember, it is sometimes the first runner who is more important."

It is possible that Jean Drapeau's long-favored city has finally fallen from grace. If so, the blame might well be shared by the airline pilots who, when not on strike altogether, have been profanely alerting passengers to look out the window not at Mount Royal but at the $800 million—yes, $800 million—Olympic Stadium. Or by all those weekend drivers who stream slowly past the Olympic site gaping in open-mouthed awe at the same man-made wonder. Staring right back are stubble-faced construction workers with cigarettes dangling from their lips. Their wages bloated by overtime to $50,000 or more a year, they are the first Olympic winners.

On the other hand, it could also be that Montreal's Olympic woes have been merely a test of faith. There is something oddly comforting about the fact that long-polarized Montreal, along with the rest of Quebec, has been pleading with one voice that the Canadian government bail out the Olympics. The government has agreed to extend the national Olympic lottery for three more years, a step in the direction advocated by Drapeau. But it has refused other financial aid, leading even some English-speaking Montrealers to half-seriously suggest that the Games be officially opened not by Queen Elizabeth as planned, but by Quebec's separatist leader, René Lévesque.

A go-it-alone-if-necessary attitude is in the air even in places like Le Carrefour, a bar in the huge Place Ville-Marie office complex frequented by English-speaking, attaché-carrying young executives of the sort who supposedly lost the Battle of Downtown but are doing very nicely nevertheless. Sitting one evening at the circular bar, Tom Richards, a stockbroker and lifelong Montrealer, mused, "A while ago everybody said that Montreal would never make it and that the Games would be moved to Mexico City. They said the Olympics were Canada's national disgrace. I was upset about the cost and the delays, too, but all along I remembered one thing. The French love a good party. You wait and see. Montreal will pull it off."

Well, so far, anyway, Montreal always has. **END**

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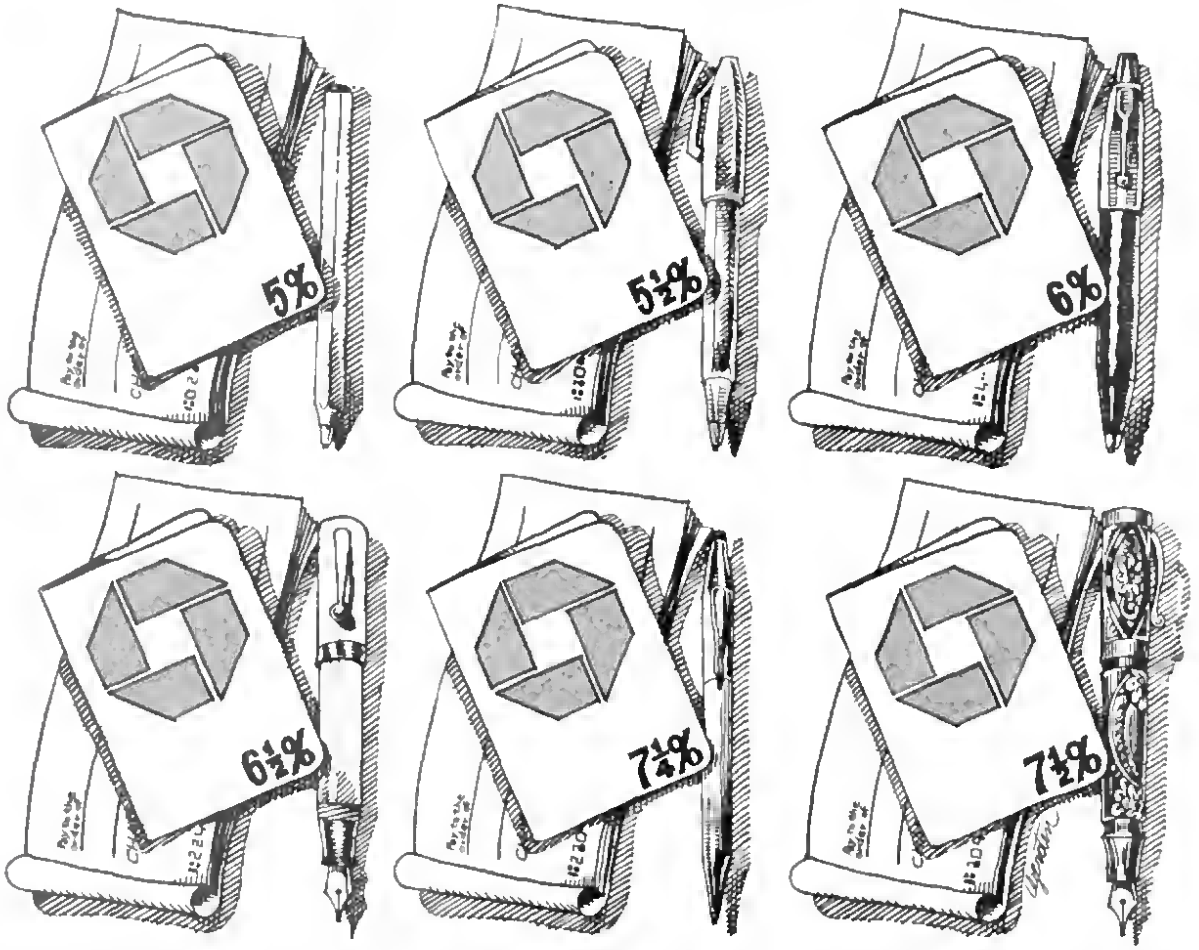
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Yesterday

by GEORGE A. GIPE

THE SENSATION PROMISED NEW YORK IN 1880 WAS A LOT MORE BULL THAN FIGHT

The American sports fan had been subjected to countless bizarre promotions, even before Muhammad Ali came on the scene, but few have compared with Angel Fernandez' scheme to bring bullfights to New York City.

It was the summer of 1880 when the garish advertisements first appeared. They promised excitement to the lucky New Yorkers, who were advised they could anticipate *toreadores* "among the most celebrated and applauded in all the Spanish cities." It was an enchanting promise, though Henry Bergh, a leading force with the local SPCA, announced that his organization would not allow a typical Spanish *corrida de toros* to take place. Fernandez responded that there would be no cruelty to animals. Instead of stabbing the bulls with lance and *banderilla*, the *matadores* would affix gummed ribbon rosettes to their foreheads. Thus the combat would be skillful but "extremely agreeable to the ladies," and presumably to Mr. Bergh as well.

The site of Fernandez' attraction was a rented piece of ground at 116th Street and Sixth Avenue (now Lenox), where a circular board wall approximately 100 feet in diameter was constructed as the arena. Outside the main circle were two additional fences, five feet apart, between which the bulls could be led. The corridor also would serve as a buffer between the combatants and spectators. General admission to the great event was to be $1.50 for adults, 75¢ for children under eight.

The week before the first battle, Fernandez and company made a trip to a nearby stockyard to procure their "ferocious beasts." According to *The New York Times*, the animals turned out to be a dozen Texas steers that had been "packed in cars for some days and were pretty well worn out."

On July 31 the elevated trains on the West Side road were jammed. Outside the makeshift arena the crush included private equipages with liveried servants, as well as common hacks, and long lines of ticket seekers. Bergh, with a dozen officers of the SPCA, was also in attendance. "There seems to be an appetite among men for anything that savors of cruelty. . ." he told a *New York Herald* reporter. "If this sport should become popular here we would soon be reduced to the level of Spanish character, and nothing would satisfy the public but blood." So much for Spanish-American relations in 1880.

Bergh needn't have worried. It was obvious that Angel Fernandez' promotional ability had exceeded his product. Shortly after 5 p.m. on the 31st, eight Spaniards entered the arena in costumes "as gorgeous and graceful as the holiday attire of a sunflower," the *Times* noted, but "No one of them had been shaved, apparently, since the death of the late Pope. . . . They were as bad a looking set of men as ever picked a pocket, and looked as if, while they would fight a steer for a dollar and a half, they would cut a throat for a quarter."

When the first steer entered the ring, the spectacle degenerated even further. The *toreros* waved their capes in the manner expected of them, but when Steer No. 1, a large black-and-white fellow, made a sudden movement toward one of the Spaniards, he "wheeled suddenly, made a beeline for the fence and sprang over it. The fence was very conveniently arranged for this purpose," the *Times* explained. "It was about six feet high, and about two feet above the ground was nailed a wide cleat to enable the 'fighter' to jump over quickly. Anybody but a one-legged man or a blind man could get over this fence in something less than two seconds."

It soon became apparent to the crowd that Fernandez' magnificent bullfighters had few skills besides fence jumping. Although the steers had leather pads, rather like boxing gloves, on the tips of their horns, even the slightest movement toward the Spaniards caused flight. One large yellow steer that obviously meant business emptied the ring. "There were eight gorgeous Spaniards in the ring when the Texican entered," one reporter wrote. "In just about 20 seconds by the watch the steer had the ring to himself and the Spaniards were on the other side of the fence."

One brave bullfighter did get close enough to a steer to stick some rosettes on its forehead, but the attempt had so infuriated the animal that it jumped the fence three times before the Spaniard could succeed, and so exhausted itself that it became hung up with two legs on either side. Another steer caught a cloak on its horns and ripped it in half. One piece fell over the animal's eyes, causing it to race around blindly, eventually charging headfirst into the fence. Bergh began to show signs of nervousness. The crowd, meanwhile, began to drift off. "Driving a frightened steer into a ring," editorialized the *Herald* immediately following the event, "and then daubing him all over with bunches of ribbons fastened to adhesive plasters is not an exhilarating sight, even when the two-legged performers prance about in tinsel dresses."

By mid-August Fernandez was hopelessly in debt, owing large sums to his fighters, an interpreter and the owner of a boardinghouse. His gate receipts for the first match had been attached as a result of two judgments filed against him, and charges and countercharges soon overshadowed all other aspects of New York bullfighting.

While some excitement attended Fernandez' difficulties in the courts, more attention followed his Texas steers. In an effort to recoup some of his losses, the promoter sold the animals to an East Side butcher. While being loaded onto a large cattle truck that was to take them to a 45th Street abattoir, however, three steers managed to escape. After wallowing in goose ponds at Seventh and 117th, they wandered into Central Park and splashed about in the lake. Their next stop was the 23rd Precinct, which they visited just long enough to precipitate a Keystone Cops chase across town. Two of the three steers were driven into enclosures at 84th and 89th streets early the next morning, but they broke away again, one having destroyed about 300 feet of fencing that it tossed about in sport. Both animals eventually were shot and trucked off to become sirloins. History does not record the fate of the third escaped steer, but Fernandez quietly went bankrupt.

Four years later, at an Independence Day fair, a bullfight held in Dodge City, Kans. was hailed by the local newspapers as the first such entertainment ever seen in the entire United States. Given the quality of Angel Fernandez' exhibitions, they probably were right. END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 5-11

PRO BASKETBALL—The Buffalo Braves signed a new lease for Memorial Auditorium apparently ending attempts to move the team to Hollywood Fla The team lawyer said signing of the lease "means the Braves will be here for sure," although Owner Paul Snyder will continue efforts to sell the Braves to Buffalo investors.

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY beat Paul Colwell 256-248 to win his fourth championship of the year, the $60 000 Southern California Open at Los Angeles

PAUL COLWELL and DON JOHNSON won the $70,-000 PBA Doubles Classic in San Jose, Calif , defeating top-seeds Steve Neff and Eddie Ressler 447-414

BOXING—ALFONSO ZAMORA, of Mexico, successfully defended his WBA bantamweight title with a third-round knockout of Gilberto Illueca in Juarez

JOHN TATE heavyweight, MICHAEL SPINKS, 165 pounds and CLINTON JACKSON, 147 pounds gained final berths on the U S Olympic team in re matches at Burlington Vt

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER shot a final round six-under-par 66 for a 279 total to win the British Open in Southport, England six strokes ahead of Jack Nicklaus and Spanish teen ager Saveriano Ballesteros, who tied for second *(page 18)*

JOHN LISTER of New Zealand shot a 268 total to win the $100 000 Quad Cities Open in Coal Valley, Ill by two strokes over Fuzzy Zoeller

HARNESS RACING—France's EQUILEO ($40 60) driven by Bernard Froger won the $200 000 Roosevelt International Trot in Westbury L I finishing the 1¼ miles in 2 33⅗ to beat Bellino II, also of France, by half a length *(page 22)*

HORSE RACING—FOOLISH PLEASURE ($7 60), Eddie Maple up took the $108,800 Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct by a nose over two-time Horse of the Year Forego who carried 9 pounds more than the winner, covering the mile and ⅛ in 1 55⅗

MISS TOSHIBA ($13 80), Fernando Toro up, won the $112 200 Vanity Handicap at Hollywood Park, covering the 1⅛ miles in 1 48 to beat BASTONERA II by a head

MOTOR SPORTS—ROLF STOMMELEN and MANFRED SCHURTI of West Germany piloted their turbocharged Porsche 935 to victory in the six-hour World Championship of Makes endurance race at Watkins Glen, N Y , covering 587 6 miles at an average speed of 97 81 mph

An appeal tribunal reinstated JAMES HUNT as the winner of the Spanish Grand Prix Originally Niki Lauda had been declared winner of the May 2 race when Hunt s Formula 1 McLaren was found to be 1 5 centimeters wider than new regulations allowed

ALAN JONES of Australia drove his March-Chevy an average of 101 08 mph to win a disputed victory in the 101 31-mile Formula 5000 race at Watkins Glen Jones finished 6 8 seconds ahead of pole-position winner Al Unser, who claimed he let Jones pass him on the 28th lap of the 30-lap race beeause he thought Jones was a full lap behind as a result of a one-minute pit stop

SOCCER—NASL Northern Division leader Chicago had two victories over Rochester 3-0 and Miami 4-1 while the front-runner in the East New York, shut out Toronto 3 0 and downed Philadelphia 2 1 with Pelé scoring once and setting up the winning goal Minnesota, first in the West beat San Antonio 3-1 and Vancouver 3-0 Dallas suffered its fourth straight loss to San Diego 3 2, but beat Seattle 4-2 to remain in front in the South

ASL The battle in the East narrowed, with only five points separating first-place Rhode Island and fifth-place Connecticut New York s 3-0 win over Chicago moved the Apollos into second place, Chicago had a 1-1 tie with New Jersey and Connecticut downed Rhode Island 2-1 Los Angeles, still first in the West, beat Sacramento 4-3 in overtime Ane Mihailovich scoring the winning goal The Utah-Tacoma game ended in a 3-3 tie Tacoma then went on to beat Sacramento 2-1

SWIMMING—American short-course records were set in every relay event at a U S women's Olympic swimming team exhibition meet at West Point In addition JILL STERKEL set individual American records on lead-off legs in the 50 yard freestyle (23 35) during the 200 free relay, the 100 yard free (49 85) during the 400 free relay and in the 200-yard free (1 48 29) during the 800 free relay The relay records 200 free—STERKEL, WENDY BOGLIOLI, KIM PEYTON, SHIRLEY BABASHOFF, 1 34 87, 400 free (same squad)—3 22 76, 800 free—STERKEL, PEYTON, JENNIFER HOOKER, BABASHOFF, 7 15 64, 200 medley—TAUNA VANDEWEGHE MARCIA MOREY, BOGLIOLI STERKEL 1 45 30 400 medley—LINDA JEZEK LAURI SIERING CAMILLE WRIGHT BABASHOFF 3 49 99

TENNIS—ILIE NASTASE defeated Manuel Orantes 6-4 6-3 to win the $150,000 Grand Slam of Tennis championship in Myrtle Beach, S C

WTT A record crowd of 13,492 gathered at the Pittsburgh Civic Arena to watch the Triangles beat the Phoenix Racquets 24 23 and see Chris Evert lose only her second set of the WTT season to her Wimbledon victim Evonne Goolagong. The Golden Gaters extended their winning streak to 11 by downing New York Los Angeles and Cleveland and ended the week one half game behind Western Division leader Phoenix as the Sets stayed in command in the East

TRACK & FIELD—ALEXANDER BARYSHNIKOV of the Soviet Union set a world shotput record of 72' 2½" in Paris, bettering Terry Albritton's mark by 5¼"

RUTH FUCHS of East Germany set a world record in the javelin of 226' 9¼in, topping her own mark by 6 3¼in

MILEPOSTS—REVERSED The U S Tennis Association decision to withdraw from 1977 Davis Cup play Britain and France who withdrew in support of the U S have also agreed to consider 1977 a neutral year capable of saving the existence of the competition

DIED BILL SWIACKI 53 in Sturbridge Mass. of a gunshot wound An All-America end at Columbia Swiacki played three seasons with the New York Giants and two with the Detroit Lions, and was an assistant coach with the Giants and the Rams before retiring to his real estate and insurance agency A generation of fans will remember his 1947 end zone catch that enabled Columbia to upset Army and end its streak of 32 victories.

DIED THOMAS AUSTIN YAWKEY, 73 of leukemia, in Boston The benevolent owner of the Red Sox for 43 years Yawkey lavished millions of his inherited dollars to buy such stars as Lefty Grove Joe Cronin (playing manager) Max Bishop and Jimmy Foxx When he was rewarded with his second (of three) American League pennants in 1967 Yawkey said "This is the greatest day of my life" He was vice-president of the American League and an alternate member of the executive council of the major leagues

CREDITS

4—Manny Millan 13—drawing by Arnold Roth 22, 23—Manny Millan 32, 33—Barton Silverman Tony Triolo UPI 42—James Drake (3) Walter looss Jr (upper right) 45—Heinz Kluetmeier Walter looss Jr 46—James Drake (3) Heinz Kluetmeier (bottom) 51—T Tenuma 52—Tony Edgeworth Tony Duffy 53—Walter looss Jr Homer L Stewart 54—Al Satterwhite-Camera 5 55—Tony Duffy David Austan 56, 57—Bas I Williams 58—Heinz Kluetmeier Tony Edgeworth 59—Graham Finlayson Tony Triolo 60, 61—Graham Finlayson (3) Tony Edgeworth (right) 62—Mark Kauffman 74—Heinz Kluetmeier 80—James Drake 95—Al Satterwhite-Camera 5 103—M A Jenkins Jim Stockton Tony Moran

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHERYL STEARNS, 20-year-old parachutist from Scottsdale, Ariz., took first place in the Women's Overall competition at the national championships held in Tahlequah, Okla., and set a world record in women's accuracy by scoring 19 consecutive dead centers



ROBIN DUNN, 15, of Siloam Springs, Ark., batted 789 and had a 6-0 pitching record to lead his Babe Ruth team to a 12-0 season and the league championship He also won the district high-jump championship and was selected conference MVP in basketball



TONY ALSTON, 14, of La Canada, Calif., son of former badminton champ Joe Alston, defeated Alvaro Hernandez at the Peru International Invitational Badminton championships to become the youngest U S player to win an international 18-and-under title



TIM CALLAHAN, 18-year-old senior righthander, pitched back-to-back no-hitters for the Burlington (Vt.) High School Seahorses. Callahan led his team to the state tournament, was named team and league MVP and had a season record of 6-0 with a 1.25 ERA



LUCY GIOVINCO 19, a freshman at Hillsborough Community College in Tampa, Fla., won the Women's National Intercollegiate Bowling championship in Denver with a nine-game 1,734-pin total and will represent the U S in the 1976 AMF World Cup in Iran.



BOB COVEY 38-year-old track coach at Bakersfield (Calif.) Community College, won his ninth straight conference title and 12th in 13 years He also won his sixth Southern California title in the last seven years and has a career dual-meet record of 87-9

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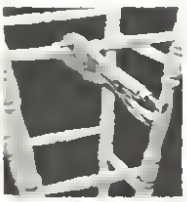
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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

MONTREAL MARCH

Sir:

Apparently Jerry Kirshenbaum (*Good Times by the Cut-ups*, June 28) missed some great performances while covering the U.S. Swimming Trials in Long Beach. While reporting that the American women "looked as if they were in shock" in the wake of the East German Trials, he neglected to even mention some notable occurrences—like an American record in the 200 back by Maryanne Graham and another American record in the 200 fly by 1972 gold medalist Karen Thornton.

No one is going to argue that the East Germans are anything short of awesome, and unquestionably Shirley Babashoff is the class of the American squad, but the rest of the U.S. team deserved better than Kirshenbaum's account.

LEE GREEN
Los Angeles

Sir:

I enjoyed your article about the U.S. Olympic Track and Field Trials (*Marching on Montreal*, July 5), but you failed to mention one occurrence that took more guts and determination than anything I've seen in a long time. In the 10,000-meter run, a race of more than six miles, Garry Bjorklund lost his left shoe during the race and had to run the rest of the way wearing only one shoe. At the end, Garry gallantly kicked past Bill Rodgers to finish in third place and win a spot on the Olympic team.

PAUL KELLEY
Roseville, Minn.

Sir:

Your article failed to mention one high-schooler on the U.S. track and field team. She is 16-year-old Rhonda Brady of Calumet Township High School (Gary, Ind.) in the women's 100-meter hurdles. Her winning time was under the American record but was not allowed, as she was helped by an excessive following wind. Rhonda is the youngest member of the 1976 squad. She has been running strong all season, and with the rest of the "unknowns" who have made the 1976 squad, the track and field competition will be right at world-record pace. Keep her name in mind.

R. FERRIS
Hammond, Ind.

Sir:

William Johnson's article (*Bronx Boy Makes Good*, July 5) was every bit as realistic as its subject, Steve Kelly. The true spirit of amateurism as practiced by Kelly and countless other athletes illuminates the value of Olympic competition. Obviously, nationalism, glory and money don't drive these superb athletes, which in these days is a refreshing change. I might even pay money to watch Steve Kelly perform, something I refuse to do for a bunch of $100,000 crybabies and their lawyers, agents and egos.

STEVEN J. SMITH
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

In today's world of greedy athletes, including ex-Olympians, Steve Kelly is certainly one of a kind. Even if he is not one of the best paddlers in the world, I feel that he is one of the best men in sports today. Congratulations to him for being what a man and an amateur athlete should be.

ROBERT W. LONARDO
Providence

HIP, HIP

Sir:

Much to my delight, pro basketball will once again be played by only one league. And the NBA-ABA merger (*One Last Hurrah in Hyannis*, June 28) could be the panacea for the pro game's ills. An effective de-escalation of the player salary war may now be achieved. Part-time guards may cease to earn more than corporate executives. More important, the merger allows Dr. J to set up practice on national television.

MARK KISZLA
Nashville

Sir:

In your listing of former ABA franchises, you overlooked the Texas Chaparrals. Dallas renamed itself one year and played some home games in Fort Worth and Lubbock. The experiment ended on a cold January night in Fort Worth when only 500 fans (including my father and me) showed up to watch John Brisker score 42 points and lead the Pittsburgh Condors to a narrow win. After that the Chaps moved all their games back to Dallas, but I still have my Texas Chaparral pennant, and my memories of Manny Leaks' leaky defense.

BRUCE G. HOPKINS
Fort Worth

FOOTBALL FACTORIES

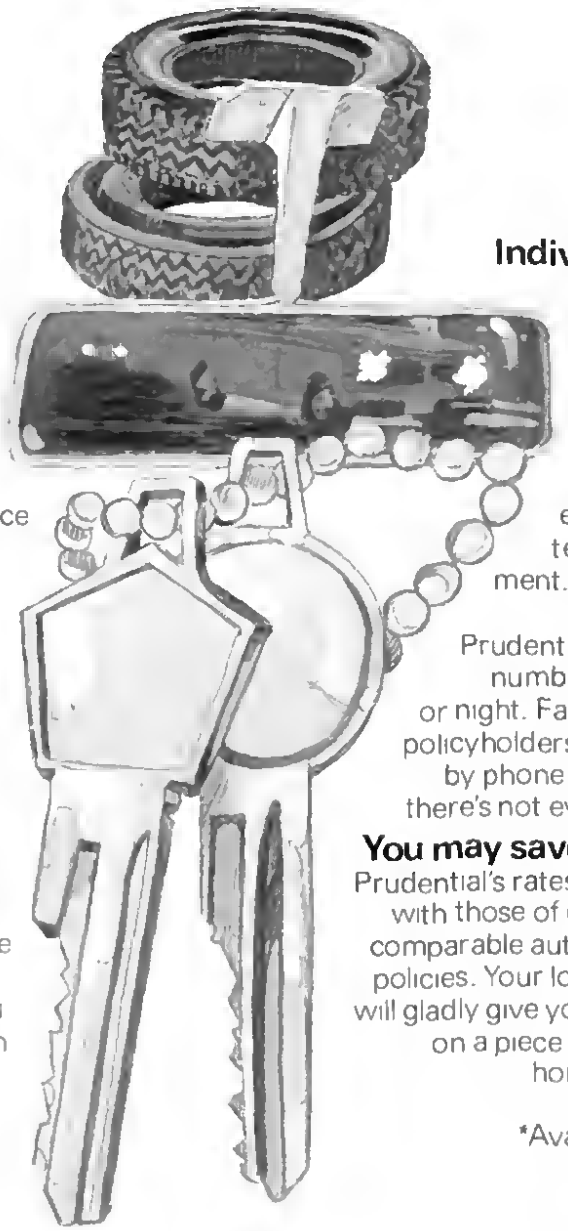
Sir:

After reading in SCORECARD (June 28) of the business motives behind the rescheduling of Indiana U's home football games, as well as of the low percentage of pro football players completing their college educations, I've a suggestion to make. Why not remove the myth of collegiate athletics as strictly sport and allow those athletes being trained for the

continued

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professional ranks to move about freely among those schools which offer them the best chance to achieve their ambitions? Just to maintain some of the aura of the educational environment, though, the headlines announcing an interschool football trade could, for example, read, "State U trades hard-running history major to City Tech for malcontented mathback."

BILL LUKOSAVICH
Houston

THE FIGHT

Sir:

Carlos Monzon again showed his mettle by toying with the fine Rodrigo Valdes (*There Was a Fight in Monaco*, July 5). Nearing the end of his remarkable career, Monzon surely should be acclaimed the greatest active fighter, Ali not excepted.

BRAD KERSEY
Las Vegas

THE FARCE

Sir:

I love two things about equally in this world, my country and Muhammad Ali. The Bicentennial reinforced the love for my country, but the Ali-Inoki so-called fight (*But Only a Farce in Tokyo*, July 5) did little for my admiration of the world's heavyweight boxing champion.

WENDY LAMOUR
Houston

Sir:

Before everyone screams in outrage over the recent Ali-Inoki "match," look at the two things that were proved in the bout.

1. It is senseless to attempt such showdowns—both fighters followed the rules of their games, and hardly ever came in contact.

2. Ali is certainly the master showman of our era. I paid my $10 and had an enjoyable evening, although the fight wasn't quite what I expected. Some of the best action was the fans leaving the arena.

Long live P. T. Barnum!

EUGENE F. MCCOLGAN
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir:

Too bad the match wasn't as good as your article.

MICHAEL KINGOFF
Wilmington, N.C.

HANDICAPPERS

Sir:

I would like to commend Bill Leggett for his fine article *All That Glitters Is Not Gold* (June 28). Horse racing goes far, far beyond the Triple Crown and deserves much more recognition throughout the year. Great horses like Master Derby, Royal Glint and Ancient Title should be written about more often. After the Honest Pleasures are finished in June, it's the handicappers that roll on.

JAMES SCUILLI
Pittsburgh

MA BELL

Sir:

It was with some interest that I read your comment in SCORECARD (June 28) concerning Michigan Bell's offer to sell maize and blue telephones as a status symbol to Wolverine fans. Perhaps they got the idea from my daughter Polly, who in December of 1970, while a senior in high school, was searching for the ideal Christmas gift for me. It's been said that, like Bob Ufer, I too have maize and blue blood flowing through my veins. Polly went to the Michigan Bell offices and asked if they had a maize and blue telephone. Not quite. They had a yellow phone with a yellow cord, but at that time their blue was a very pale tone. They offered to specially paint the phone cradle a darker blue and to attach the yellow handset to it. This they did and they even delivered it to my house the day before Christmas. It's still on my desk and has served as a conversation piece for these past 5½ years. Ma Bell is to be congratulated for her insight into status symbols. But that old devil inflation certainly has taken hold. My telephone, specially painted and with four outside lines and an intercom system, cost $26 in 1970. Now you say the cost is $54.95? Anyway, Go Blue!

BLAINE ZIMMERMAN
Monroe, Mich.

BSA IS NOT A VINCENT

Sir:

Please inform Sam Moses (*Wind Her Up and Hang On*, July 5) that a BSA motorcycle is not a Vincent! This is akin to calling a Ford a Bugatti. Beese Wendt's magnificent Vincent (destroked from 1,000 cc to 750) is a sight to behold—and hear. His continued competitiveness is a tribute to individual persistence and to those design features that make the Vincent, despite being out of production for 21 years, the world's greatest motorcycle.

PAUL G. ROCHMIS
Annandale, Va.

PATE'S STATE

Sir:

Immediately after reading your article on the U.S. Open (*You Were Great, Jerry Pate*, June 28), I felt I should let Dan Jenkins know that even though Jerry Pate was born in Georgia, he early on moved here to Pensacola, and his home has been here since. I believe this should qualify Jerry as a "lean Floridian" as opposed to the "lean Georgian."

I would like to thank Mr. Jenkins, however, for his praise of Jerry. All of us in Pensacola are extremely proud of his tremendous accomplishment.

JIMMY ECKERT
Pensacola, Fla.

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Would a Fiberglas materials system make *your* product better? We'll help you find out. Write: D. L. Meeks, Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Fiberglas Tower, Toledo, Ohio 43659.

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